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THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

XIV.

THE MULATTO WOMAN.

Our readers will remember that on leaving Don José and his daughter Tancred had fallen into a fit of musing on the extraordinary loveliness of the merchant's daughter, and concluded by wisely resolving to think no more of one so far above him.

Unfortunately such resolutions are too seldom adhered to. When a man makes up his mind to think no more of a woman he continually finds his thoughts straying towards her. Tancred was no exception to the rule. Annunziata's charming figure was before him day and night, and before three days had elapsed he imagined that he was over head and ears in love with her. This, however, proved to be a mere fancy, as we shall very shortly see.

Two days after that on which occurred the scene between Carmen, Morales and Quirino, the Frenchman on his return from a long walk found the worthy Dame Yvonne Sandrie in an extraordinary state of agitation. It was evident that she was possessed of a secret which she hesitated to impart to him, though she was apparently burning to do so.

"Well, Dame Yvonne," asked the Frenchman, "what is the matter?"

"What is the matter, Monsieur Tancred? Ah! mercy on us! It's not myself that will tell you," cried the Bretonne.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because, Monsieur, by the aid of Heaven I have reached the age of fifty-seven without having worked for the perdition of any soul—thanks to my patron the great St. Yves and the good St. Anne of Auray—and I'm not going to begin with yours, please God."

"Ah, pshaw!" cried Tancred, disappointed, "is my salvation in question then?"

"Indeed it is," said the dame piously crossing herself.

"Then this secret you are so unwilling to tell me concerns me?"

"And whom should it concern but you? Elol Sandrie, thank Heaven, is not of an age to go gallivanting about with young girls, and even when he was young I had a sharp eye and firm hand, and I kept him in."

"You are quite right, my good dame," returned Tancred laughing, "to watch closely everything that concerned your good husband. But I am a bachelor, and quite old enough to know how to behave. So as you confess to having a secret which concerns me I must beg you to let me hear it without further delay."

"Oh, Monsieur Tancred, I beg you don't ask me."

"But I do ask you."

"But my conscience—"

"Your conscience, my worthy hostess, has nothing to do with my private affairs."

"Then you insist upon it?"

"I do."

"Well, then— But don't forget that it is you who compel me to speak, and I shall not be



"MADAM, I BESECH YOU TO BELIEVE THAT MY RESPECT FOR YOU EQUALS MY ADMIRATION."

gully or responsible if what I tell you leads you into temptation and endangers your soul."

"That is perfectly understood."

"But, Monsieur Tancred, as sure as I have always lived in the fear of God it would be better for you to take no notice of this."

"I beg you to remark, Dame Yvonne, that you are keeping me waiting rather a long time."

Thus driven the Bretonne was compelled to comply.

"Well," she said, hanging her head, "some one was asking for you just now."

"Who was it?"

"A woman." Madame Sandrie pronounced the word with manifest repugnance.

"A woman! Was she young?"

"No. It would have been better if she had been young."

"Why so?"

"Oh, I know these half-breeds. They are the curse, the ruin, the abomination of Havana."

"It was a colored woman then?"

"Yes, a mulatto—a *Cabresse* in short, one of those cursed *métisses*!"

"What did she want?"

"She wanted to speak to you, the wretch."

"What did she say to you?"

"She asked me no end of questions about you. She wanted to know about your family too; if your relations in France were great and rich people."

"And what did you say?"

"Well, you understand, Monsieur Tancred, that fellow-countrymen should always stand by one another. So I replied that your family was as noble as the king's and rich enough to buy the whole island of Cuba."

Tancred smiled.

"God forgive you for such an innocent untruth," he said. "As to nobility, blood, I have nothing to say. I come of as good a family as the Montmorencies, the Crequels and the Ro-

hans. But as to fortune it is another story. If I were to buy the island of Cuba it would have to be sold at a very low price."

"Still," continued Dame Yvonne, "you will admit that this did not concern that woman."

"Certainly. But when she had obtained this slightly apocryphal information, what did she do?"

"She went off."

"Without saying anything?"

"She said she would come back again. But don't you be afraid, Monsieur Tancred, she won't trouble you. My husband will put her out. I'll tell him about it."

"Do not do anything of the kind, I beg."

"Why?" cried Dame Yvonne, "you don't mean to say that you will see her?"

"Certainly I will see her."

"What for?"

"To find out what she wants."

"It is easy enough to guess what she wants. I could tell you that myself at once."

"What is it, then?"

"She is charged to propose a rendez-vous with some of these women who have neither honor nor virtue, of whom there are so many in Havana, who neither fear God, nor respect their marriage vow."

"We will see about that," said Tancred laughing.

"You don't mean to say that you would go?"

"Why not?"

"It would be throwing yourself head first into the clutches of Satan."

"Not at all. It is only a question of studying some of the customs of the country."

"Nice customs indeed! And besides, you would run the risk of never coming back again, or at least of returning with a stab between your ribs, and that would hardly suit you, my gentleman."

"Bah! I do not believe there is any danger."

Yvonne. "The rector of my parish used to say that it was useless to try to dissuade a fool from his folly. He knew what he was talking about, the good man." Then she continued aloud, "I shall not say another word on the subject, Monsieur le Chevallier, for I don't want to vex you. But take care."

"Do not be alarmed, Dame Yvonne, I shall manage perfectly well, and whatever happens I thank you for your goodwill towards me."

After this interview Tancred went to his rooms on the first story of the house. Opening the windows which looked out on the busy wharves, he leaned on the sill and spent several hours in watching from behind the closed venetians the molley crowd that passed and repassed before him. Until sundown he watched in vain for the mysterious mulatto.

"What a fool I was," he exclaimed rising at last, "to go out this morning. If I had stayed at home I should not have missed her."

As the last rays of the sun disappeared he made his way to the eating-house where he was accustomed to take his evening meal. But food was distasteful to him, so he left his supper almost untouched and strolled homewards and bedwards. The only acquaintance he had in the city was Don José and it was too late to dream of paying a visit in the *Café de l'Obispo*. Of gambling houses he had already had enough.

He had not gone far in the direction of the harbor when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a woman's voice whispered in his ear,

"Are you the Chevallier Tancred de Najac, senior?"

Tancred started. She had come at last.

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"In that case, follow me, senior, keeping a little distance behind me."

"Whither are you going to take me?"

"Not far from here. To the promenade of the Lameda."

"You are wrong. In this country of scoundrels and copper-faces, every rendez-vous conceals a trap."

"Indeed. Do they assassinate as much as that?"

"More than I could tell you. But you know something about it yourself, Monsieur Tancred; it is not so long ago that you had a lucky escape."

"That is true. But in my case it was different. I was attacked by robbers."

"Well, I assure you that—"

"Enough, Dame Yvonne, I am the best judge of my own actions. So when the mulatto returns be good enough to send her to me at once."

"So be it, Monsieur le Chevallier," said the Bretonne, shaking her head. "You are your own master, and are not obliged to take anyone's advice unless you like. I wash my hands of the whole affair. If Satan himself comes I will send him to you."

"You could not be more obliging, I am sure," said Tancred laughing. "But I doubt whether his Satanic majesty would think it worth while to leave his domains for a poor gentleman like me."

"One cannot tell," murmured Dame

"What is your object?"
 "I want to speak to you in private, without fear of being overheard."
 "It was you, doubtless, who wished to see me to-day."

"You are quite right, señor."
 "How comes it that you, who are a perfect stranger to me, knew who I am?"
 "The simplest thing in the world. The mistress of the house where you lived showed such ill-temper when I asked for you that I did not care to call again. So I watched near the house. I saw you come out and I followed you, waited for you again, and now I have found you."
 "Very good. Go on first and I will follow you."

In ten minutes the two reached the avenues of the Lameda, which at that hour were crowded with promenaders. The mulatto led the way to the far end of the promenade and turned into a thicket of trees situated at a little distance from the road. In the centre of the enclosure was a stone bench on which the mulatto sat down.

"Come," she said, "now we can talk without fear of being disturbed."

"It must be something very important and very mysterious that you have to talk about, since you are so afraid of being overheard."

"It is the most important thing in the world."

"What may that be?"

"A lady's honor."

"So there is a lady in the case?"

"Yes."

"Am I acquainted with her?"

"No. But she knows you and wishes you well."

"Your mistress, no doubt?"

"You are right. Don't think, however, that I am a slave. I am her nurse. My devotion to her is boundless and I am proving it at this very moment."

"Where did she see me?"

"She will tell you, no doubt, when you ask her. I know nothing about it. I am charged with a mission and I fulfil it, that is all."

"Is your mistress young?"

"She is not eighteen yet."

"And beautiful?"

"A very pearl of beauty."

"Married or single?"

"Senor, you are asking too much. I cannot answer you."

"You are right. I was indiscreet. And what does this lady want with me?"

"A private interview."

"I am too much of a gentleman to refuse her."

"You are a Frenchman, señor, and that is enough."

"I am ready," cried Tancred; "go on. I would follow you were you to lead me to perdition."

"Why?"

"The interview will not take place to-night."

"Not to-night," said the young man in a tone of profound disappointment. "What is your reason for thus putting off my happiness? I am longing to throw myself at the feet of your divine mistress."

"Do you think my mistress has no precautions to take? Bear in mind that this is a matter that concerns her honor and perhaps her life."

"Well, how long shall I be kept waiting? Will you keep me long in suspense?"

"No, if you do not refuse to take the oath I have to receive from you."

"What is its nature?"

"You must swear to me on your honor as a gentleman and your faith as a Christian that you are free and that your heart belongs to no other woman."

Tancred was silent an instant.

"What! do you hesitate, señor?" asked the mulatto.

"An oath, whatever be its nature, is a serious and a sacred thing, and I could not swear that I never loved a woman."

"My mistress does not ask about the past, that in no way concerns her. She only wishes to know if at the present time you are free and in love with no one."

Tancred considered. It seemed that when he heard of this unknown beauty who took such an interest in him the figure of Don José's daughter faded from his heart. Finally he concluded that he could conscientiously take the oath.

"On my honor as a gentleman," he said slowly, "and my faith as a Christian I swear that I am free and that my heart belongs to no one."

"Very good."

"And now, when will the interview take place?"

"To-morrow night."

"Who will guide me?"

"I will."

"And where shall I find you?"

"Here, at midnight."

"Why so late?"

"I beg you, señor, not to ask me questions which it is impossible for me to answer."

"Excuse me," said Tancred, "but the slightest delay is a diminution of my happiness."

"I am going to leave you now, señor."

"Already!"

"What pleasure do you find in my company?" asked the woman with a smile.

"You are a link between me and the unknown being whom I already feel that I love dearly."

"Ah! that is the Frenchman all over," murmured the mulatto.

Tancred drew two gold onzas from his pocket

and tried to slip them into his guide's hand.

But the woman drew back.

"No, señor; my mistress is rich and generous. Not only does she let me want for nothing, but she overwhelms me with kindness. *Au revoir*, señor, and don't forget to-morrow night."

At midnight exactly I shall be here with the keys of Paradise."

With these words the mulatto left the enclosure and disappeared in the throng of promenaders, leaving Tancred in a profound state of astonishment and extremely doubtful whether he was dreaming or not.

XV.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

We need scarcely say that Tancred hardly closed his eyes that night, and that the following day seemed to him as though it would never end. The seconds of that interminable day were as long to him as hours, and the hours seemed years.

The young man passed almost the whole time in consulting his watch, in counting the slowly passing minutes, and in picturing to himself the lovely being of whom he had made such an easy conquest.

At last the night came and though he still wanted several hours to the time of the rendezvous he set about dressing himself for the interview.

We will spare our readers the details of the toilet, the duties of which we may be sure were carefully performed. Shirt after shirt of fine Holland linen did he try on and pitilessly reject as not fine enough for the momentous occasion. Time after time he bathed his face and hands and sprinkled his dress with perfumed water.

At last this memorable toilet came to an end, and Tancred, richly dressed and duly scented, made his way with a jaunty air and expectation in his heart to the trysting-place. Alas, when he reached the little thicket the clocks were only striking eleven.

An hour to wait! The Lameda, which had been as crowded as usual until half-past ten, began to be deserted. The last volantes had driven off, and not a palanquin was to be seen. A few loving couples strolling hand in hand and conversing in low, soft whispers, were the only persons in sight. At last the promenade was totally deserted.

The half-hour struck from the belfry of a neighboring convent.

"Half an hour more!" murmured Tancred.

"A century!"

Year by year even centuries pass away, and so minute by minute the half-hour dragged its slow length along.

At the first stroke of midnight a shadowy figure seemed to rise before the young man, and a voice which he recognized as that of the mulatto addressed him.

"I am punctual, you see, señor."

"At last!" cried Tancred.

"What! You surely don't accuse me of being late."

"No. But I was here before the time."

"Have you been here long, señor?"

"Yes, a long, long time. The day seemed an eternity to me. I was in misery the whole time."

"Wonderfully gallant, to be sure. But you must keep these pretty compliments for my mistress."

"Am I going to see her then? Oh, I can hardly believe my happiness!"

"It is true, nevertheless. My lady is waiting for you."

"Then let us be quick! Do not let us lose an instant!"

"Follow me then, señor."

"When shall we get there?"

"Before very long."

Followed by the expectant Frenchman the mulatto traversed the length of the deserted promenade and on reaching the extreme end produced a small metal whistle on which she blew a low prolonged note. A volante which had been in waiting hard by drove up softly. The lamp on either side of the carriage was, contrary to rule, unlit.

"Get in," whispered the woman.

Tancred needed no second invitation. He jumped into his place and was quickly joined by his guide. Without waiting for the word of command the calesero drove off.

Contrary to custom the driver had received his instructions beforehand. Sometimes he turned to the right, sometimes to the left, but these turnings and twistings were as frequent and so sudden that the young man was unable to keep track of the route.

At last the volante entered a kind of avenue lying between two rows of garden walls over which the branches of the trees within mingled their luxuriant foliage.

"Are we far off?" asked Tancred.

"Close by," whispered the mulatto. Then she added,

"Turn your face this way, señor."

The young man obeyed. As he did so he felt some silky material in contact with his forehead.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am blindfolding you, señor."

"What for?"

"I have no answer to give you, except that it must be so."

A frightful suspicion crossed his mind. Instinctively he drew back.

"Arrima!" cried the mulatto.

The volante stopped.

"Senor," said she in a tone in which a tinge of contempt was just perceptible, "if you do not wish

to have your eyes bandaged, if you are afraid this is a trap set for you, you only have to say so. We will return to the spot whence we started, and when my mistress hears that you were afraid, she will in no way regret that she did not see you—she will utterly and completely forget you."

While the woman was speaking Tancred reddened with shame at his passing hesitation. "I have come too far," he thought, "to draw back. I may as well see the end of this affair."

Besides, what have I to fear? No one in Havana knows me, and anyone taking the trouble of deceiving me into a trap would make but a poor business of it."

"Do as you like," he said to his companion, who immediately tied a silk handkerchief lightly over his eyes.

"The bandage will be undone when the time comes," she whispered, and added in a louder tone to the calesero,

"Segua!"

Once more the volante set off and in three or four minutes stopped again.

"Are we there?" inquired the young man.

"Yes. I will get out first. So, now lean on me and get down."

Tancred heard the creaking of a key turning in a lock and the groaning of a door moving heavily on its hinges. He had no time for reflection, for his guide, seized him by the arm.

"Take care," she said, "there is a step. Now, all right. Come along, it is all clear now."

As he went on he could feel that he was walking on a gravel pathway, and every now and then a branch lightly brushed his face. He was evidently passing through a garden.

When the two had gone a hundred yards or so in this manner they stopped, while the mulatto whispered some instructions.

"Take care. Six steps to go up here."

At the top of the steps a second door was opened and Tancred stepped on what appeared to be heavy carpeting. Strange and sweet odours filled the air around him. Then he felt the woman withdraw her arm.

"Wait one moment," she said.

Several doors opened and shut, then all was silent. Three or four minutes after he heard the voice of the mulatto coming apparently from a distance.

"Now, señor, take off your bandage."

In a fever of anticipation the young man tore off the handkerchief and looked eagerly around him.

At first he saw nothing. The room was in perfect darkness.

Finally he remarked a faint track of light proceeding from the adjoining apartment. Carefully feeling his way he went to the door, and was hesitating to enter when a soft melodious voice gave him the necessary invitation,

"Come in, señor."

He opened the door, entered the room and stood dumb, amazed, dazzled at the sight that met his eyes.

In the centre of the apartment, which was magnificently furnished and faintly lit up by four wax-lights in rose-colored shades, hung a light hammock of aloe fibre, balanced on silken ropes.

In the hammock, in an attitude of charming nonchalance and grace, reclined a young girl of such ravishing beauty that the young officer's most brilliant flights of imagination were utterly surpassed.

When we say that this young girl was no other than Carmen our readers will need no description of her bewildering beauty, which was heightened by the surroundings about her and her elegant coquettish costume.

Her dress, which was of white gauze with broad purple stripes that resembled ribbons sewn on the virgin white material, was low in the neck and short in the waist, revealing an alabaster bust and an irreproachable ankle. Over her shoulders her jet black hair hung in heavy coils bringing out in deep relief the dazzling whiteness of her skin. On one side of her head she wore a deep red rose beside which her only ornaments were a coral necklet and bracelets which contrasted charmingly with her snowy neck and arms. One small foot, cased in a red morocco slipper hung easily over the side of the hammock, and in her right hand she lazily toyed with a fan of immaculate white feathers.

Such was the young girl as she appeared to Tancred's astonished gaze. At first he was on the point of throwing himself on his knees, for beauty such as this he could hardly believe to be mortal.

The young girl divined his thoughts, and a smile of triumph played an instant about her lips. For some moments she left him undisturbed in his ecstasy, enjoying to the full the embarrassment and admiration she caused. Then she spoke in French, in a slightly trembling tone, and with a pretty little accent that enhanced the charm of her voice.

"Come forward, Monsieur le Chevalier, I beg of you."

Tancred took a few steps forward and stammered:

"Oh, madam, I am dreaming. For pity's sake do not awake me yet! Let me dream a little longer. One minute of the celestial vision before me is better than a whole lifetime of reality."

"You are awake, Monsieur le Chevalier," replied the girl with another smile. "I am a reality—flesh and blood like yourself. If you want a proof here is my hand—that will convince you that I am no immaterial form."

The chevalier seized the slender, delicate hand that was held towards him, and kissed it with the utmost passion and respect.

"Are you perfectly convinced now?" asked Carmen.

"Yes, madam," replied Tancred. "I am unable to doubt the evidence you have given me. It is no longer a vision that I see; it is yourself—the most beautiful and the most adorable of women. Only, though, I am certain of my happiness, I confess my inability to understand it, so immense and so undeserved does it appear."

The girl pointed to a chair placed near the hammock.

"Sit down, Monsieur le Chevalier; we are going to have a good long chat. But first of all, I am extremely anxious to stand well with you, for I am afraid you have but a poor opinion of me."

"I!" said Tancred, indignantly energetic.

"I judge you unfavorably! I swear to you, madam."

"No need to swear it," interrupted Carmen.

"It could not be otherwise. The means I have taken to bring about this interview place me in a false and most compromising position, and you are only indulgent to me on account of my beauty."

"Madam," said the young man eagerly, "I beseech you to believe that my respect for you equals my admiration."

Carmen shook her head gently, and continued,

"Your respect I cannot believe in. I know what I deserve, and I know you will grant me as much as I deserve, but only when you have heard what I have to tell you with all the frankness that my position renders necessary. First of all, chevalier, you must know who I am, for the very thought that you may take me for one of the class of adventurers who are so numerous in Havana causes me inexpressible pain. Oh! I can guess what you are going to say; but gallantry proves nothing. Let me proceed, I beg of you. Your turn will then come, and I promise you that I will listen with untiring patience, and will believe all that you may have to say to me."

A bewitching smile accompanied these last words. Tancred looked and listened in silence. Every word Carmen uttered sounded in his ears like a note of delightful music.

The girl continued,—

"I am eighteen, a Spaniard by birth. With the blood which flows in my veins is mingled some drops of the royal blood of the old conquerors of Spain. As to my fortune, I do not myself know what it is."

The girl's face wore a curious smile as she uttered this phrase, so capable of a double construction.

"I came into the world on the other side of the Pyrenees," she went on; "but though belonging to Spain by name and race, at heart I am French. I have always loved—adored, I should say rather—France, that great country whose heroes can rank in chivalry and bravery with the Cid of our legends. The French gentleman has always been in my eyes the perfect type of loyalty, courage and gallantry. When I was still all but a child I said to myself, 'The day that my heart is no longer my own it shall be given to a Frenchman.' What more can I say?" murmured Carmen, hiding her face behind her fan, "I saw you—you are a Frenchman—a gentleman!"

She could go no farther.

"And you loved me?" broke in Tancred.

"Oh, madam, in the name of mercy! in the name of pity, speak the word—speak it quickly! Until your lips have uttered it, I cannot believe in the reality of the happiness you lay before me."

A murmur escaped from Carmen's lips.

"I loved you," she said, veiling her eyes beneath their long lashes.

A moment's silence followed this confession. Carmen appeared to be struggling with her emotion. Her bosom heaved and her hand trembled in Tancred's grasp.

The young man sought in vain for words in which to express his joy. He was unable to utter a word. Finally the girl sufficiently overcame her emotion to be able to break the silence.

"In France, in Spain," she said, "anywhere else than in this country, where you have alighted as a bird of passage, I should have had twenty occasions—or I should have known how to make them—of meeting you. You would have remarked me, you would perhaps have loved me. I should not have been compelled to stoop to a means so painful to my pride and my modesty to bring you to my feet and to whisper in your ear the confession I have just made. But we are neither in Spain nor in France, but in Havana. I had no choice. I felt that I must see you or suffer cruelly, and perhaps for ever. Strong in the purity of my heart and the rectitude of my intentions, I ventured—ventured more, doubtless, than I ought to have done. Will you pardon me an error I have committed for you, and for your sake?"

"Pardon you!" exclaimed the Frenchman, kneeling at Carmen's feet. "The happiest of men pardon you who have made him so happy! Yet my happiness is mingled with much pain and many doubts. It seems too great, too sudden, too unexpected to be real. My head is in a whirl. I seem to be losing my senses. I find myself thinking that your love is a fiction, that for some unknown reason you are only toying with my heart, and that you will soon tire of it, despise it and cast it aside."

"My friend," said the young girl tenderly, "the doubt you express gives me infinite pain. Look at me. People say, and I believe it, that the eyes are the windows of the soul, come, what do you see there?"

"I seem to see," murmured the chevalier, "that your heart is mine."
"You are right. If I did not love you would you be here? But you, Tancred, do you love me?"

"Oh! with all my strength, with all my heart, with all my soul. You are a hundred times dearer to me than life itself."

"And you will love me for a long time?"

"For ever!"

"Will you swear it?"

"By my honor and my love."

"How many women have already heard such an oath from your lips, my friend?"

Tancred crimsoned involuntarily and answered hesitatingly,

"None."

"Do not say that, for I cannot believe it."

"Well," continued Tancred, with some embarrassment, "if I must confess the truth, I may have sworn eternal constancy, but I did not consider myself bound thereby for all time to come."

"And now?"

"Now I have sworn it on my honor, and God is my witness that I never took such an oath before."

"Then I can doubt you no longer, and indeed I am glad of it—happy to believe that you do truly love me, that you always will love me. I believe it; I feel it. But tell me, my friend,—only this one question more—how long has your heart been free?"

"For a long, long time, madam. For months; I might almost say for years."

"Is this true?"

"I swear it once more."

"Then your heart never quickened at the thought of the beautiful Annunziata?"

The unexpected mention of this name startled Tancred.

"What!" he cried, "you know then?"

"I know everything about you. But I beg you to answer my question."

"That is very easy. I saw Don José Rovero's daughter but once. I found her charming, I confess, but she made no impression upon my heart. And besides, by your side Annunziata pales like the stars before the rising sun."

"Then you do not love her? You never loved her?"

"Never."

"Heaven be praised. Henceforth my confidence is entire, my joy is complete and unclouded. I was suffering just now. I believed a rival was hidden in some secret recess of your heart. In fact I was, jealous and I did not like to question you. Thank you, my friend, thank you. I am sure of you now, and here is my recompense—Listen, Tancred, to what I am about to tell you; and believe me, for my lips have always told the truth. The heart I am giving you, which will be yours for life, is a virgin heart. I thought it was as a stone until you appeared. Then I understood by its fierce beatings that you had won it, that it recognized in you its master, and yearned towards you. I did not resist, Tancred, I did nothing to restrain it. I felt a strange pleasure in being conquered. I was happy in my defeat. In a word, I loved—loved for the first time."

The Frenchman, fascinated and overcome by this avowal was about to make a passionate reply, when the sudden entrance of the mulatto put an end to the interview.

XVI.

A CLEVER ACTRESS.

"Well, nurse," asked Carmen, "what is the matter? I did not call you."

"Hush!" whispered the woman, putting her finger to her lips. "He is coming, he is just behind me. Perhaps he suspects. A few moments more and all will be lost."

A terrified look spread over the young girl's face as she started from the hammock in which she had been reclining. The mulatto seized Tancred by the arm and dragged him to one of the doors.

"Come, senor; we must be quick," she said.

The young man turned in amazement to Carmen as if to ask an explanation of this sudden interruption. The girl took the rose out of her hair, kissed it and held it out to him, whispering,

"Love me; I love you."

Tancred pressed the precious flower to his lips, as the mulatto dragged him into another room, which was perfectly dark.

"Later on," she whispered as he tried to question her, "later on you shall know all you wish. But there is no time now."

The Frenchman submitted and followed the nurse through a labyrinth of dark rooms and passages into the garden, where he was once more blindfolded and reconducted to the avenue, where the volante was in waiting. The two took their seats and Tancred at once broke into a string of inquiries.

"Now will you answer my questions?"

"Yes, provided they are not indiscreet."

"What was the reason for this sudden flight? Was anyone coming? The lady's father perhaps?"

"It was her brother."

"Is her brother such a terrible being then?"

"Indeed he is."

"Does he not love her?"

"On the contrary, he adores her."

"But your mistress seemed very much terrified. What was she afraid of?"

"If her brother had known that anyone was in the house he would have killed her."

"The man is a monster!"

"Oh, no! He is an austere, unbending gentle-

man who never trifles where his honor is concerned, and who believes that a stain on his name can only be washed out in blood."

"But your mistress is as pure as an angel. She has done nothing to merit his anger."

"She received you, and that is quite enough to enrage her brother. She knew that beforehand, yet she did not hesitate. So you may judge, senor, of her feelings towards you."

"Do you think that I would hesitate a moment to give my life for her?" said the young man enthusiastically.

At this point of the conversation the volante stopped.

"This is as far as we are going," said the mulatto undoing the handkerchief Tancred still wore over his eyes. In the pale moonlight he recognized the avenues of the Lameda.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that your mistress is in no danger?"

"Perfectly sure. I got you away before her brother could even suspect anything, so you may go your way in peace."

"But I cannot leave you in this manner."

"What more do you want?"

"When shall I see your mistress again?"

"I don't know."

"At least it will be before long."

"I think so. It is very likely."

"How shall I know when she grants me another interview?"

"I will find means to let you know."

"One word more. If you have any pity for me, tell me your mistress's name."

"Her name is Carmen," replied the mulatto.

"And now, senor, for the last time, farewell."

The calesero whipped up his horse, and the volante rolled away leaving Tancred in a whirl of amazement and happiness.

"Carmen!" he murmured ecstatically. "Carmen! What a sweet name! Carmen, I love you! Carmen, I am yours for this life and the next!"

(To be continued.)

AN OLD-TIME STORY.

The early years of the reign of George III., was the time of those gallant robbers, whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood, and (frequently) good birth took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of the crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives.

One in particular was notorious enough in his brief day for most of the qualities I have described, as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high church appointment. His person was elegant, his manners courtly, and he was rash in an extraordinary degree. Mingling freely in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Richard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain de Montmorency—a patronymic high-sounding enough. I do not mean, however, to infer that any suspected the man of fashion and the highwayman to be the same person; that was never known till the event which I am about to relate took place.

Richard Mowbray had spent his own small patrimony, years before the period at which this narrative commences, in the pleasures of the town; it had been melted in play-houses, faro, horelfesh and hazard; he had exhausted the kindness and forbearance of his relations, from whom he had borrowed and begged till borrowing or begging became impracticable. He had known most extremes of life; and, moreover, when debts and poverty stared him grimly in the face, he knew not one useful art by which he could support existence or pay dividends to his creditors. What was to be done? He eluded a jail as long as he could, and one night, riding on horseback, and meditating gloomily on his evil fortunes, he met—covered by the darkness from discovery—a traveller well mounted—plethoric—laden with money-bags, and bearing likewise the burden of excessive fear.

It was a sudden thought—acted upon as suddenly. Resistance was not dreamed of. Mowbray made off with his booty, considerable enough to repair his exhausted finances and to pay his most pressing creditors. It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul. And so by night, under shelter of its darkness, did the ruined gentleman become the highwayman. People who knew his circumstances whispered their surprise when it became known that Richard Mowbray had paid his debts, and that he himself made more than his customary appearance. Now his fine person was ever clad with the newest braveries of the day; and in his double character many a conquest did he make, for he disburdened ladies of their jewels and purses with so fine a manner that the defrauded fair ones forgot their losses in admiration of the charming despoiler; and Richard, in both his phases, drank deep draughts of pleasure till he drained the Circean cup to its veriest dregs. Just as even pleasure became wearisome, when festive and high-bred delights palled upon his sated passions, and the lower extremes of licentiousness and hard drinking, ruffling, and fighting, diversified by the keen excitement and threats of danger, which distinguished his predatory existence, began to satiate, a new light broke on the feverish atmosphere of his life. He loved. Yes! Richard Mowbray, the ruined patrician. De Montmorency, the gallant highwayman, who had hitherto resisted every

good or evil influence which love, pure or earth-stained, offers to his votaries, succumbed to the simple charms of a young, unlearned, unambitious girl, so youthful that her tastes and habits, childish as they were, could be scarcely more so than suited her years. Flavia Hardcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had never been to a boarding-school, and loved nothing so much—even her birds and pet rabbits—as her dear old father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate. Flavia had never been even to London, for Mr. Hardcourt resided at Aveling—a retired village, about twenty miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-hunting and hard-drinking, the old gentleman, on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty, gentle girl, who, from the hour of her birth—which event had terminated her mother's existence—had made her his constant playmate and companion. And it was to this simple wild flower that the gay man of pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled, improvident, irreligious, and rash, presumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart; and, oh, stranger still! to this being, the moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia Hardcourt surrender her youthful, modest, inestimable love. It must have been her very childishness and purity that attracted the desperate robber—this hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had evidently met Mr. Hardcourt at a country hunt; had, with others of his companions, been invited by that honest gentleman to a rustic *fete* in honor of little Flavia's natal day—a day, he was wont to observe, to him remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune and his intensest happiness; and then and there the highwayman vowed to win and bear that pure bud of innocent freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt. Master Richard Mowbray! unscrupulous De Montmorency! I will relate how you kept your vow.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the chaste young heart, the old father's beloved darling, surrendered itself into the highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Mr. Hardcourt was not altogether best pleased at Flavia's choice; but then she was his life—his hope—and he trusted, even when he gave her to a husband, that her love and doting affection would still be his own; besides, Mowbray was well connected—boasted of his wealth; whereas a very moderate portion would be hers—was received in modish circles, into which the good old magistrate could never pretend to penetrate; and, in short, what with his high bearing, his handsome person and insinuating tongue, Mr. Hardcourt had irrevocably promised to bestow his treasure into the keeping of the profligate, who numbered himself almost years enough to have been the father of the young girl, whom he testified the utmost impatience to call wife.

It was during the time that Mr. Mowbray was paying his court at Aveling that the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a series of highway robberies, which men said could have been perpetrated but by that celebrated knight of the road—Captain De Montmorency. No one could stir after nightfall without an attack, in which numbers certainly were not wanting.

"Cudgel me, but we'll have him yet," said old Mr. Hardcourt. "I should glory myself in going to Tyburn to see the fellow turned off. Ay, and I would take my little Flavia to see him go by in the cart, with a parson and a nogsay, eh, my little girl?"

"Oh, no, father," said Flavia, "I could not abide it, though he is such a daring, wicked man, whose name makes me shrink with fear and terror whenever I hear it. I could never bear to see such a dreadful sight—it would haunt me till my death."

The betrothed pair were together to visit London.

"But I shall not dare," said the girl, as walking together in the old-fashioned Dutch garden, she leant her young, sinless head on her guilty lover's breast; "I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, Montmorency."

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thine."

"Richard, sweetness, why do you leave us so early every evening? At sunset, I have remarked. These are not London habits. Ah, does any other than poor Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must die if it should be so! I could not live, and know you were false."

"Sweetest and best! my purest love, could any win me from you? were it a queen, think it not, I—I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a poor, sick friend not far from here; he is poor, ill and—I—I—"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more I love you every day! How good, how noble, thus to sacrifice!" And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

Ah! how differently beat these two human hearts. One pregnant with love, goodness, charity, sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town unmolested, you may be sure; the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affair had occurred. Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the *beau garcon* of former days, had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the *beau seze*. Above all, a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person; and on recovering from his wounds and fright, he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfill his vow.

The wedding was to take place at the old relation's, Mrs. Duchesne's house, and on lagging

wings the day at length arrived. The marriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being toasted by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below; rude voices were upraised; oaths muttered; a rush towards the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Hardcourt.

The door was broken open for answer. The officers of justice filled the room. Two advanced. "Come, captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding day; but duty, my noble captain, duty must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered; and the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes dilating till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard! what is this?"

"Scoundrels!" said Mr. Hardcourt, "release my son."

The men laughed. One of them was examining the necklace of Flavia; it contained a diamond in the centre worth a ransom. "Where did you get this, miss?" he said.

Her friends answered for the terror-stricken girl was inarticulate, "Mr. Mowbray's wedding gift."

"Oh, oh! This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible. She found speech: "Whom do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.

"Whom? Why the renowned Captain de Montmorency?"

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause the criminal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present; insensibility followed, and Flavia was removed. So was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

The trial was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim—For days her life had hung on a thread. But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reviving as from a dreadful dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event which, tornado-like, had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat the circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable gray hairs whitened with sorrow, Mr. Hardcourt complied. She heard the recital in silence. Presently clasping her father's hand, "Dear parent," she said, "when—when?" She could utter no more; nor was it necessary; he comprehended her but too well.

"The day after to-morrow," he replied.

"Father, I must be there."

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"

"Father, I must be there! Do you remember your jest? Ah, it has come to pass in bitter earnest. I must be there!"

Nor would she be pacified; she persisted. Her physician at length urged them to give her her way. It would, he said, be less dangerous than denial.

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Windows, balconies to be let out to hire. One of these last, the most private, was secured; and on the fatal morning Flavia was taken thither in a close carriage, accompanied by her parent and her aged cousin. She shed no tears, heaved not a single sigh, and suffered herself to be led to the window with a strange, immovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmur of a dense crowd reached her ears. The procession was arriving. The gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellow-man hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, she rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glance of the criminal. Yes, there he was, dressed gayly, the ominous nosegay flaunting in his breast, dull despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As the train passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hot, bleared eyes; they rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony and cast himself down on the boards of the vehicle. She continued gazing, the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene. Her old father watched for days by her bedside, eagerly waiting for a ray of light, a token of sense, or sound. None came. She had been stricken with catalepsy, and it was a blessing when the enchanted spirit was released from its frail habitation—when the pure soul was permitted to take its flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Hardcourt sunk shortly into a state of childish imbecility, and soon father and daughter slept in one grave.

A LADY was in the midst of conversation with some visitors in her drawing-room, when, a recent scandal among the "upper ten" coming upon the *tapis*, she said to her elder daughter, who was turning over the leaves of an album with her little sister, a child scarcely six years of age, "My dear, the lamp is smoking." The lamp was at the other end of the room. The young girl turned it down, but the subject not being exhausted, she was requested to wind up the lamp. On the following day the careful mother, wishing to get rid of her little one for some reason or other, said, "Go up into the nursery, Alice;" when the child replied, "Mamma, if you don't mind, I'd rather wind up the lamp."

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

Swift swallows, stay, we cannot spare you yet—
No chilly breath has struck you with alarm;
Why should you fill our souls with vague regret

In these sweet days of golden rest and calm?
Let us a while travel and change forget.

Why should you roam? The gardens are aglow
With brighter color than they wore in June,
The tall white lilies make a queenly show,
The gadding vine with many a wild festoon
Still hides your nest; we cannot let you go.

Why should you leave us? Summers are so brief.
It seems but one bright week, or scarcely more,
Since every day showed some new tree in leaf.
Pleasant it was from window and from door
To hail, in your glad coming, Spring's relief—

To stand within the gateway of the year,
As at the entrance of an unknown wood,
Hearing the songs of unseen birds so near,
It seemed we might have caught them where they stood—
False cuckoo notes of joys that disappear!

Swallows, ye brought upon your glossy wings
A hundred visions from beyond the sea;
Though your last nest was mid the tombs of kings,
Our thatch from alien touch is not less free
Than those grand ruins round which silence clings.

Say, do ye fear ye may not see again
The large-browed Sphinx gazing with human eyes
Through countless centuries across the plain
Of arid sands, beneath the shadeless skies,
Where Carnac's sculptured glories yet remain?

Is there in Luxor, 'neath a lotus flower
Carved when the world was young, a hiding-place
Dear to you—never moistened by a shower
Since first a bold adventurer of your race
Chose it and made it your ancestral tower?

Now, if ye must go, quickly take farewell,
For many a dim eye that has watched you play
Shall fill with tears, taking your flight for knell
Of life and season, ebbing both away
In that long struggle words are weak to tell.

Bare are the happy fields; on every side
The plough already has its work begun;
Dart, swallows, fly in peace—sure is your guide
Cross seas—and seek the countries of the sun—
But come again to us, whate'er betide.

FOR ANOTHER.

Adeline Von R. was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment. I was notified to receive her in prison.

The lady did not interest me, because I was not personally acquainted with her. I was also ignorant as to the cause of this judgment, but still I could not place the order out of my sight without repeated perusals, feeling a foreboding that something unusual and gloomy would surely transpire in connection with it.

There was really nothing remarkable about the seven days' imprisonment, and yet it might be that a longer sentence was obviated by the social position of the lady, had not the document ordered close confinement and no amelioration of the rules of the place for her.

But other business pressed, and one week and then another went by, and the circumstance had almost been forgotten when the last day of the third week again recalled it.

It was getting late; the prisoners had received their supper, and I had retired to my room to attend some writing that my duties during the day had left me little time for. I was so deeply absorbed that I did not hear the door open, and was consequently more than startled when I heard, not far from me, a trembling voice utter a soft "Good evening." Looking up, I saw an elegantly attired young girl, hesitating at a nearer approach, and seemingly waiting to be addressed.

I had time to make observations. Her style of dress first attracted my attention. It was not such as I had been accustomed to see around me on my visitors to this establishment. Her face was young, fresh, and round; the regularity of features alone caused an exclamation in favor of its beauty, the downcast eyes closed their mirror from view, but the whole expression of face and person indicated a sense of horror, shame, and fear.

Such conduct is rare in prison, yet the girl had evidently come to stay, judging by the bundle of wearing apparel she carried.

My sympathy was awakened, and, in a kinder tone than I should have used under ordinary circumstances for this ill-timed disturbance, I requested her to approach me.

She did not move; her head remained bowed, the eyes drooping.

"What is your name?"

I received no reply. The girl seemed to struggle for composure, her lips quivered, her mouth vainly trying to form words.

"But, dear child," I asked rather impatiently

after a pause, "you must tell me what you desire; why are you here?"

"I am here under arrest."
She said it almost whispering, the words scarcely passing her lips. I looked at her in astonishment.

"For how long?"

"Oh, God!" (Ach, Gott!)

Nothing but this escaped her mouth. She breathed heavily, her bosom palpitating with distressing rapidity. She tried to conquer herself, but the strength of her feelings seemed to master her endeavors.

"Tell me, child, how long must you remain here?"

"Seven days."

This expression seemed to bring unutterable relief. The trembling limbs became quiet, respiration regular, only the eyes remained downcast still.

"And your name?"

"I am called Adeline von R."

"Ah!"

The exclamation escaped me before I was aware of it. The girl was startled, and directly raised her head and gazed me full in the face, with an unspoken inquiry. I saw two eyes, large and wondrously beautiful, an irresistible power of fascination within their depths speaking of childlike innocence, fearful sorrow and fright, yet expressive of resignation; they were humid with suppressed tears that told of the will to be strong and endure.

What should I do with Adeline von R.; how should I treat her? Her station in life demanded a proper respect. I did not want her to see that I felt this to be so, and yet I did not wish to repulse her. I was yet undecided how to act when she said:

"Mr. Inspector, you know now why I am here; I cannot ask you to set aside your duty in my behalf; but oh, I beg you will not make my position harder to bear than is called for. May I be alone, left to myself?"

"If you desire it."

"And no one will see me?"

"None but the prisoners employed on the premises."

"That is good; I would like to hide myself from all humanity, and from the dear God too. Under arrest! Oh, the disgrace. It will cling to me forever. Oh! it is horrible, and to bear it through life—terrible!"

In her excitement Adeline von R. struck her hands together, alternately covering her face with them, as if to shut out a picture conjured by the imagination of a fearful future.

"You go too far," said I, trying to comfort her; "the disgrace does not consist in the arrest, but in the causes, the deed that requires such a penance."

"True, that is true. But do all people think thus? How often does it occur that they care to know if the punishment is just, if one is really guilty? But who can alter such things? Can these do it who suffer innocently? Can they make war with the majority, swim against the tide and be lost in the stream? All that is left them is endurance and oblivion to hide where none know from whence you came or where you go."

"I think," I interrupted her, "that the judgment of the people is less to be feared than the reproaches of one's conscience."

"Oh, hush! hush! sir. Do you believe that I underrate this inner judgment? I struggled long before I became reconciled to come here. I was even induced—not to. Oh, God! I dare not think of it; and you do not know—you cannot understand. But I did not wish it otherwise. I must not frighten myself with reproaches. Others will do that."

As she said this her whole manner changed; she seemed to cast aside all fear; her head was proudly erected; her eyes brightened with a determination that changed the child to an earnest woman. She picked up the bundle that had fallen from her arm during her siege for composure, and, coming close to me she said:

"Mr. Inspector, I am to remain here seven days. I was told you had received the order for my reception. Here is the document that holds me prisoner—is this sufficient? If not, please tell me what else is required of me?"

Her manner had acquired such a quiet dignity that my intercourse could not go beyond business questions; although my interest and curiosity would like to have known more about her family and self, and particularly the crime that brought her under my supervision.

She still retained her calmness when locked in her cell. Without exhibiting any particular emotion she entered the little, dark room. I directed her to the bed, gave her a few particulars in regard to the rules of the place and left her alone. This was the beginning of a distressing drama.

The following morning I went to the examining bureau to find particulars in regard to Adeline von R., but could discover little. The case had been heard at some place quite distant, where the prisoner was formerly resident, and in the requisition it was particularly remarked that she desired to "serve her time" under me, but the act that called for seven days' imprisonment was not stated; whether by design or mistake we were to be left in ignorance, I could not say.

There is nothing more passing than time. Adeline von R. had done penance six days. Only I had seen her during this time; even the director, being indisposed, had not made his customary revision. I did what was in my power to make her punishment light, and she showed her appreciation by giving me no cause to complain.

I was no wiser in regard to her circumstances. Every attempt to question her was delicately turned, and I was given to understand that my right did not extend into her private affairs.

The morning of the seventh day she greeted me with a hearty cheerfulness, telling me how she would count the hours, and I discovered that some one was looking for her release as anxiously as she herself desired it, but I could not tell was it father, mother, brother, or sister, or friend. Another time and place enlightened me.

Some hours later I received an order for the appearance of A. von R. before the examining judge. The person that brought it hinted at something peculiar in regard to the prisoner, as the judge and the city officials with him were enjoying some joke in connection with her arrest.

I did not send her the order, but went myself, to acquaint her that she must again appear before the court. Joyfully she met me. "Oh, Mr. Inspector," she cried, "only six hours and a half, and then I shall be free. I can again inhale the air of freedom. Sweet thought! Freedom! how shall I love thee now; but what is it, you look so stern, so dark, as if—"

"You are to appear before the judge; follow me."

"He wishes to speak to me? My God! I do not know this man; what can he want of me?"

"I cannot inform you; he will no doubt enlighten you. Hasten, they are waiting."

"One moment, I will be ready."

She appeared innocent, certainly she was astonished, but more impatient than frightened. But her lovely eyes no longer laughed; she searched for something, and they espied a cloth hanging on the back of a chair. With a charming movement she threw it over her head and placed herself at my side.

"Mr. Inspector, my toilet is finished. The judge has probably some news to communicate, for, of course, I can abide here no longer."

She again laughed in childish glee. All the way her spirits were joyous, she was unconscious of wrong, and, I hoped, free from future punishment. With the judge were other officials belonging to the city and a stranger unknown to me, a large, stout man, evidently a detective in civilian's dress. Feeling that he would figure in what followed I particularly noticed him.

As we entered I noticed him cast a quick, sharp glance at my prisoner, and his features relaxed into a meaning smile. I read in it that my prisoner was a guilty person and he a detective. At the time that did not annoy me as much as the man's smile. How could he laugh?

The profession is not a trifling one. To hunt up guilty parties requires a character that is conscious of the duties it undertakes, and to characterize with a frivolous carelessness seemed out of place then. The mind must have a body without a heart in it, and be entirely without feeling.

"Well?" asked the judge.

"It is as I said," replied the man.

"Mr. Inspector," said the judge, turning to me, "you gave notice that Adeline von R. was under arrest with you seven days."

"Yes."

"It is false."

"Judge! Sir!"

"I repeat, it is false! Are you personally acquainted with Adeline von R.?"

"No!"

"This person has lied to you. She has assumed a name she has no right to. What is your name?" he asked the prisoner.

I had quite overlooked her since we entered the room. Now I turned towards her; she was standing near the door, pale as death, trembling, dumb, as if she had not heard the judge.

He stepped towards her, "I asked you to give your name, will you answer?" he questioned in a loud and angry voice.

The prisoner seemed frightened, so that her limbs refused to bear her, and had I not quickly grasped her, she would have fallen to the floor. I placed a chair for her and remained standing at her side. Spite of all our endeavors we could not get the girl to speak. She sat silent and utterly speechless, gazing on the floor; but as the judge in conversation with others declared, "This person remains a prisoner! She cannot go free!" she sprang from the chair ere the last word was uttered, let her eyes rove from one to another until they rested on him, and looking him firmly in the eyes, she said:

"I have suffered my seven days' imprisonment; to-night at half-past seven it is at an end. You dare not detain me longer. You have not the right."

"That is not for you to decide."

"But think, sir, I am not guilty of anything; not only I, but two others will be so miserable if you do not let me go."

The poor child was the picture of suffering and fright.

"Now," said the judge mildly, "answer me. Are you the Adeline von R. that was condemned by a military court at B.?"

"No, I am not the condemned. But what of that?" she asked.

"Much, very much. You are guilty of an act punishable by ten years' imprisonment and a fine of from one hundred to ten thousand dollars, and until final judgment is passed in the matter you may return to close confinement."

"Oh, God? my God!" she cried wildly. "I do not understand what you say. I did not wish to do harm."

"That cannot avail you, even should your intention have been of the best. You cheated the

court out of a righteous judgment by conniving at the escape of the real criminal."

"No, no, I did not think of such a thing. I only desired to save another from utter destruction. Oh, believe me, the gentle, lovely girl would have become insane. I am stronger than she. Never would you have brought her alive to this place, and if so only her corpse would you have had to bring out."

"Even that will not clear you from this deception or free you from punishment."

"What shall I say to soften your hard hearts?"

"Ask that person," she said, pointing to the detective. "He will tell you I have only spoken the truth about my friend; he knew her. Do you think it was an easy matter to place myself here? Did I not suffer indescribably? My strength failed me even at the prison-gate; but I thought of my friend, of her kiss, as at parting she wept and moaned in her anguish, and I became strong again, and when my spirits failed me during this time that picture gave me courage."

"Well, well, tell your future judges this, as you have told us. I have nothing to do with it. Perhaps they will, in consideration of this, give you only two years and \$100 fine."

"I will do everything you tell me, sir; but you will let me go now, will you not? I may return home this evening?" she pleaded.

"No!" he replied shortly.

"Must I repeat it, sir? I shall go mad. I must be home to-night; my friend awaits me; she numbers the moments until I see her again; she will die in her sorrow and fear!"

"Your friend receives with you the same punishment!"

"What say you?" she screamed; "you tell me she will suffer also? Why, she does not even know that I am here; she believes that I have gone to some one in a distant place to intercede for her."

"Examination may prove the truth of this assertion."

"My examination!" the girl repeated. "Oh, I feel so strange; all is void in my heart, and yet it seems as if it would break from the fullness of its misery. I comprehend, and still cannot realize. It cannot be. Oh, Mr. Inspector, you will let me go home this evening?"

"I dare not," I answered, as firm as I could.

"Not?"

That word enclosed my soul in so small a space I cannot understand it. The heart-rending cry she uttered will never be forgotten. All were silent; only the quick breathing of the prisoner could be heard. The judge thought she had become satisfied; further words were useless, and by a motion he bade me take her away.

I led her out by the hand; she uttered not one word; arriving at the prison she entered her cell in the same silence; her eyes were hard and dry; she did not appear to see me, but sat with folded hands gazing into vacancy.

The pressure of her troubles was too much for the spirit of the girl; six days had she waited for the moment when she could face her beloved friend and say, "You are free!"

She had constantly kept before her mind the sorrowing picture of their parting, and then fancied the happiness her sacrifice would bring. Such visions had kept her courageous and cheerful; now with one fearful blow they were destroyed, and only the prospect of a life covered with disgrace left her.

I appealed to the judge in her behalf, and explained my fears in regard to the girl's reason, but one can become hardened through familiarity to suffering in every shape. He anticipated nothing serious in consequence.

But her situation did not alter; she observed neither my coming nor going. I tried to draw her interest from her own thoughts, without success. She neither ate or drank. Occasionally her eyes would be raised from the floor to flit from one object to another, as if in search of something that could not be found. It was the restless wandering of a suffering soul—the language of a broken spirit. She had exhibited the courage of a man; she had offered more than life in the act of entering the prison; that she could not realize the unhappy result did not detract one iota from the nobleness of the intention. She was not aware that she was committing something forbidden; she only believed that self-sacrifice would bring peace to her family and happiness to her friend.

My heart bled for her, and after eight days the physician in charge pronounced her incurable. He could not help her condition, and two years later the sufferer died in an insane asylum.

I after a time discovered that the crime for which Adeline von R. was sentenced was nothing more than an unintentional injury done this detective that also discovered the fraud. It seems A. von R. repeated a bit of information at a social entertainment that she had received from her seamstress, and it was thus spread until it reached the ears of his superiors. It was of such a nature that he appeared in a contemptible character, and when called upon for her authority she could give none but the neediest woman; but as she was the original cause of his disgrace he soon found a healing remedy by hunting her down to punishment and causing her such harm as he knew would bring the ignominy home to her and her position. Thus for a careless repetition of a piece of frivolity she was sentenced to the disgrace of arrest and a prison cell. The discovery happened unfortunately through one of the officers under him, who had seen Adeline von R., while he supposed her to be in close confinement, and shortly after the lady herself appeared before him to

beg pardon for the trouble she had innocently caused him.

The unhappy girl that suffered so fearfully for her kind act was the niece of Adeline von R., bore the same name, and was the same age.

This lady herself I never met, but who can doubt how fearful a shadow this trial cast over her whole future.

THE COLORADO CANON.

A LADY'S RIDE ON THE ENGINE THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN GORGES—A SCENE OF WILD GRANDEUR.

DENVER, Col., October 10.—We were in the observation car, sweeping rapidly down the steep grade of this latest miracle, the Colorado Central Railway. From side to side we went, catching a glimpse of some picturesque gulch or striving to look up to some towering height, when my escort asked,

"Did you ever ride on the engine?"

"Never; it must be frightful to see nothing before you and to feel the swift rush of the air!"

"No, indeed! It is delightful, and it is the very place where you can see the canon as you ought. The engine backs down, we can have a seat across the 'cab,' and I know you will like it."

Making our first stop, my friend interviewed the engineer, found that "Barkis" was extremely "willin'," and I walked forward.

Now, these comical little narrow-gauge engines are utterly unlike the ponderous locomotives on standard tracks. They have no tender, avoiding such a necessity by most ingenious arrangements for coal and water on each side of the boiler; and from the back of the "cab," where our perch was fixed, the view was wonderful.

I confess to a little thrill of terror when we darted round the first sharp curve, and I discovered my centre of gravity to be a most uncertain locality; but, soon becoming accustomed to the swinging, swaying movement, I could keep my place and use my eyes.

There was no steam used, but we ran with fearful speed; the grade in some places is 211 feet to the mile, and in many others 175 feet, while all the straight track in the whole route measures only 1,100 feet.

The rails were bent by machinery just where they were to be placed. The mountains meet one another like fingers interlaced. Round these sharp points, Clear Creek, for ages, has forced its way, and, following its course, the early settlers pierced the heart of the range, discovered the secret hoards of precious metal, built their rude roads, and patiently endured their comparative isolation. No one ever dreamed a railway possible in such a place; but the dauntless pluck of a successful engineer, seeking for new triumphs, dared to consider the defiant proposition. The story of its beginning—of the sneering unbelief he everywhere encountered—is already stale; but Mr. Sickles knew what he wanted, and he fully measured his scientific resources. His surveyors scrambled over the crags, ran their lines in almost impregnable places, and then, with indomitable energy, the building began. They walled the creek with solid masonry round every curving turn; they spanned it with strong, graceful bridges here and there, and when before them there interposed a precipice too abrupt, they blasted from the massive granite the roadway they were determined to secure; and now the eager tourist rides at his ease through such scenery as cannot be found east of the Yosemite. It is grand beyond all imagination, and beauty is never wanting, though just now October has ripened into glowing scarlets and vivid gold every leaf and vine, making the enchantment more perfect. Can you fancy our ride through it all? Can I make you see the turbulent waters that rushed beside us, as if angry at human intrusion? Can any words picture the granite, lifting into the upper air its crags fifteen hundred feet high? Not the cold, gloomy gray of Eastern ledges, but mountains of rock so softly, warmly brown, so veined with wavy lines of pink and white and blue, so clad with gray-green mosses or crimson woodbine, so covered and fringed with sturdy pines, that one would need to color words to reproduce the picture. Then between these giants there are rifts that climb in zigzag course to their very summits, showing vistas of beauty where the blue sky only terminated the view, or sometimes these showed grander heights beyond. It was very like flying to sit there, rushing through all this with no visible source of motion before us; and hereafter we shall envy the engineer whose duty gives him so much more than the passengers can claim.

Almost all travellers prefer the summer months among the rocks, but unless you desire to climb the snowy range, the late autumn is far preferable. You have no rains; there are no raw easterly winds, and the cold mornings only brace one; hotel rates are lower than during the regular season, and old inhabitants aggravate you by telling you how all through December they sit with open doors and windows. Where I in New York now I should doubtless be hovering near some glowing grate, but here, through my open window, the sunlight streams on my paper, while the delicious, inspiring air fills all the room. We have had four weeks of cloudless skies; four weeks where every day was crowded full of delight, and we only grumble at Fate because we can't stay longer.

Through Clear Creek Canon you attain Black Hawk and Central City, with their curiosities of mining, or you go by another branch to Floyd Hill or Idaho Springs, and thence to that wonderful Georgetown nestled down in the narrowest

possible cleft between the loftiest heights. The scenery will perpetually enchant you, while, if you mingle with the people, you will catch many a queer expression, listen to many a strange "yarn," and learn "tricks and manners" of which you never dreamed. The mountain phraseology is as "peculiar" as that of "the heathen Chinese," while at Cameron's gulch you may see a patient army of the real Celestials busily digging for the gold which shall enable the owner to revel through the winter months. Cameron owns three miles of one of the richest gulches in the territory. Every summer it yields him fifty thousand dollars, and when the next spring comes he has nothing. Gambling and carousal are his only sources of enjoyment, while his family inhabit a cabin little better than those of the Chinamen. He was offered once half a million for his claim. "No! I reckon not, stranger! You see, it would only last me one winter anyhow, and I know it's good for fifty thousand every summer!"

We stopped at the Chinese cabins; saw Chun Lin Son, with his frame of sliding balls, eclipse all lightning calculators; heard the queer sing-song jabber, saw their arrangements for eating and sleeping, ate some of their queer dishes, inspected their costume and offered our dress to their criticism; and then, returning to our engine, we fled onward, fixing eagerly in our memories every incident of our marvellous ride, determined, if possible, to tempt our friends to a similar enjoyment. ANNA S. D.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES.

The significance of names is as variable as the clouds, depending on conditions too delicate to be defined. Still, names have what might be termed a quality of average association, which translates them to the mind in not materially different hues and forms. Nobody considers Jerusha fascinating or Mabel repulsive. Sibyl suggests softness and fineness, and Angelina mawkish sentiment. Blood and breeding seems to lie in Edith, and inelegance and rusticity in Priscilla. Mary, whom bards have made tuneful in many tongues, has lost such savor as she might have had from excess of handling. We think of her now in connection with almost anything else than grace and loveliness. Kate is interesting, though she conveys a certain impression of wildness approaching hiddenhood. Pauline is lackadaisical, pretentious, and shallow. Ruth is simple, genuine, winning, full of modesty and merit, and stirring to the core. Ada and Ida show gentleness without strength, and delicacy without discernment. Alice is what circumstances make her—pretty and spoiled, needing trial for development, adversity for elevation. Amy is a child always, even after maternity and maturity and nothing can render her otherwise. Formality, self-consciousness, and angularity emanate from Arabella; and Augusta should be consequential and inflated without desert. A certain hot-house air might surround Blanche and Bertha, and they should be kept there if it be desirable to preserve their freshness and their fragrance. Clara, not to belie herself, should be pure, affectionate and free, carrying with her the form and daintiness of distinction. Eliza is plain, but profound, and Ella a slender echo of what she imitates.

When the average man seeks for a wife, despoising romance and discarding the ideal, he should sue to Esther, who will perform all she promises, becoming the most conscientious of housekeepers, the most devoted slave of the nursery. A thorough scatter-brain is Fanny when trouble spares and adversity does not touch. Helen is precocious at sixteen, a coquette till five-and-twenty, and an ambitious and match-making mamma, while she absents herself from home to discharge her duty to society. Isabella should be tall and dignified and clever, laughing at what she most sincerely believes, and wounding with Parthian arrows her well-guarded heart. Julia has a tendency to be in love with herself, undisturbed by rivals. She sees in her mirror the beauties others fail to discover, and her much-proclaimed righteousness is but a phase of her conceit. Jane is likely to suffer from lack of appreciation, for she wears her jewels out of sight, and is content to be misunderstood when understanding demands any betrayal of herself. In sentimental woes Leonora is ever bound; is most happy when most distressed. Louisa has a spice of affection, but is engaging at first and enchanting at last to those she admits to the sanctuary of her sympathy. The image of Madeleine is shown in the strictest conventionalism. She is a well-bred automaton; dresses admirably, talks faultlessly, acts becomingly; is, in a word, a reflection of her surroundings because she has not sufficient force to vary from her pattern.

PARIS UNDER THE REGENT ORLEANS.

About this time Canallac originated public balls. The Opera-house was built in the garden of the Palais Royal, and a private door afforded direct communication between the two buildings. The Regent frequently attended these balls, and through this entrance sometimes brought a company of the maskers to supper. Then strange, noisy groups would gather pell-mell round the luxurious tables, and greedily devour the costly comestibles and choice wines; grisettes, danseuses, noble ladies in the motley attire of Chinese, bayaderes, nuns, fairies, Circassians; sacrilegious jests and wild laughter, a babel of tongues, disputes, quarrels, sometimes blows; delirious mirth, oaths, blasphemy, bac-

chanalian songs, poses plastiques, unbridled license of all kind, stupefaction, swinish sleep, and a mass of human clay scattered, amid other remnants of the feast, over satin couch and gorgeous carpet. More than once death joined the party, and clasping some victim in his bony arms, spread shrieking horror and dismay among the revelers. One of the wildest of these bacchanals was the Regent's daughter. Married at a very early age to the Duc de Berry, a good-natured but weak-minded prince, who was desperately fond of her, but whom she despised and hated, her whole life—it was not a long one, only twenty-four years—was a horror of immorality. She was only nineteen when the Duke died, undoubtedly of poison; but by whom administered it would be difficult to say. Passionate, haughty, insufferably arrogant, she pretended to the rights of a queen. She was accompanied, when she passed through the streets, by the band of the musketeers, by the music of trumpets and cymbals. But with all that she was the slave of a little pimple-faced man, the Comte de Riom, to whom she was at length secretly united. One might have imagined him to be the avenger of the dead husband, he treated her with such utter and capricious tyranny; he ordered her toilet, her dresses, her every movement, and compelled her for the lightest offence to kneel at his feet and ask for pardon. Her summer residence was at La Muette, in the very centre of the Bois de Boulogne; for amid all her dissipation she had a love for trees and solitude, and the simple pleasures of country life. At times a sense of her enormities would overwhelm her; more than once she fled to the Carmelites of Chaillot to weep and pray, racked by a terrible remorse. But after a time her fierce passions would once more master her, and drag her back to the saturnalias, where all her past was quickly forgotten, until wild gaiety lapsed again into wild despair. At length her health began to sink, but her dissipation only increased, until death closed her terrible career. Her death was a great blow to Orleans, who was passionately attached to her.—Temple Bar.

EQUINE COURTSHIP AT THE CAPE.

Mr. G. Gerard, now of Philadelphia, but formerly American Consul at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, communicates to the *Press* of the former city the following amusing reminiscence of his African consular experience:—"There is a very singular custom among the farmers—how to get a wife. If you desire to get married you should first make inquiry whether the lady you love has a horse; if so, you must ask her whether she has a horse for sale. If she says 'No,' then you had better quit the house at once. She does not like you. But if, on the contrary, she says 'Yes,' it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price. If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded, as fully as if marriage was consummated by the parson.

"On my arrival at the Cape, I did not know of this custom. I wanted to purchase a horse, and I was informed by an old Dutch resident that widow — had one to sell. I followed the address given, and soon arrived at the door of the widow (who, by the way, was not bad looking). I asked her whether she had a horse to sell. She looked at me very sharp; then she asked me whether I had some letters of introduction. I said that I was the American Consul and would pay cash for her horse. 'In this case,' said she, 'letters are not necessary.' I paid down the sum demanded; then, after taking a cup of coffee, she sent her horse by her groom, and both accompanied me home. On the road, the groom asked me a thousand questions. 'Master,' said he, 'will my mistress go live with you in town, or will you come live with us? You will love my mistress, for she was very kind to my old master' (laughing). 'Where will the wedding be?' (looking at me and laughing). 'Truly,' I thought, 'the poor fellow has drunk too much, or he is an imbecile.' I felt sorry for him. When I arrived home I found many people at my door congratulating me, not for the horse, but for the acquaintance of the widow. 'Truly,' said one, 'you have been very successful.' 'She is very rich,' said another. 'I really did not know what it all meant, and I began to be very uneasy, when, to my very great surprise, a lady alighted on my steps, and at once I recognized the widow! She very coolly asked me when I desired to have the ceremony of the wedding performed. Then, indeed, I fully perceived the scrape in which I was, and I told her frankly that it was a horse I wanted, and not a wife. 'What,' she said, 'do you mean to act thus to a lady like me? If so, I shall send back for my horse, and will repay you the money.' In a few hours her groom was at my door with the money. I gladly gave back the horse, thankful to have thus escaped. A few weeks after, however, the widow was married; a more ambitious man had bought her horse."

PAPAL ROBES.

"The Pope's constant daily dress," writes Anna Brewster from Rome, "is a long white soutane, made of a special kind of white cloth, very soft and fine, and without lustre. I had one of these in my hands; its texture to the touch resembles very fine, delicate *peau de Suede*. The winter ones are, of course, heavier than those for summer, though of the same stuff. These *soutanes* are made with a pelerin or small, round cape, and they reach to the feet. The

sleeves are loose, lined with silk, and turned back as a cuff at the wrist. Each one costs about \$80. His Holiness uses five of them in a year, on account of their being soiled by the snuff which he takes in large quantities for hygienic reasons. They are white, and the snuff of course drops on the fronts and soon spots them. The Pope is cleanliness itself; unlike most Italians, 'cleanliness is next to godliness' with him, and he will not wear a soiled garment.

Besides these *soutanes* he wears a large round crimson cloth mantle; this is a very rich and handsome article of dress, and costs \$180. The Pope's tailor is Raffaele Giromini, Via Cesarini, No. 92. His shoemaker lives in Via Governo Vecchio. I forgot his name. Each pair of shoes, or "mules" as they are called, costs from \$25 to \$30. They are also of red cloth, are bordered with gold, and a cross is embroidered, *en bosse*, or high relief, on the front, in gold. His Holiness uses six pairs a year. In summer and autumn the Pope wears fine cotton stockings; in winter his stockings are of cotton and silk spun and woven together, and are worn without the over-stocking. These mixed stockings come from Flanders, and cost from \$5 to \$6 a pair, and they are made expressly for the use of his Holiness.

LET it be known that the silk umbrella is to the alpaca and gingham what the nobleman is to the middle or poorer classes; and just as there are seedy noblemen, so there are seedy silk umbrellas—umbrellas which "have seen their best days," which "have been in better circumstances," which have been accustomed to genteel society, but which have "fallen from their high estate," and are now considered as a lower class than the despised gingham: their owners being reckoned less reputable than the umbrella less heathen. There is much of moral and religious improvement to be gained by the studious contemplation of a fallen umbrella. How may we learn the mutability of all things earthly when we gaze upon the shabby silk, the worn-down ferule, and the broken ivory handle! And how may we moralize when we remember that that relic of forgotten greatness has once stood on an earl's mat, or ensconced itself with proud exclusiveness under the arm of some city millionaire.

The owner of an alpaca umbrella may generally be described as a man of the middle class, comfortably situated as regards this world's goods, but dependent upon his own exertions for his position. He may also safely be set down as forty and married; exemplary in the matter of social virtues, and the father of a respectable family. For it is an undoubted fact young unmarried men of the "quiet" order are almost invariably the possessors of cheap silks; while their flashy brethren more frequently carry little sticks, the use of which is less obvious than the absurdity of their owners. It must be acknowledged that, although the alpaca does not indicate wealth or rank, it is as closely connected with moral rectitude as the silk, and may be always taken as a sign of probity and propriety. We should like to know who ever saw a pickpocket or a burglar carrying an umbrella.

Gingham is the lowest class, and shows the hard-working man, who is determined to have badge of repute, though his poverty is thereby advertised to the world.

SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE COLOUR OF HAIR.—Two sudden changes of the colour of hair from black to white are reported in a foreign medical magazine. It appears that a physician of Berlin, a strong, healthy, and less than middle-aged man, sent his wife and one daughter to spend last summer at a watering-place. The day that he expected a letter informing him of their arrival, there came one saying that his daughter had been taken very sick suddenly, and was already dead. The shock was terrible, and instantly his hair became entirely grey. He had to visit some patients that same afternoon, and they scarcely recognised him. Their peculiar actions revealed the change to him. The other case was that of a man 35 years old, living in the Netherlands. He was one day passing the canal in Rotterdam, when he saw a child struggling in the water. He plunged in and brought it to land, but it was already dead by the time he had rescued its body. Bending over to try to restore life, he discovered that the dead child was his own son. The blow, so sudden and unexpected and coming upon him when he himself was so much exhausted, turned his hair entirely grey, and left him scarcely recognisable.

THE modistes have returned from Paris with the announcement that Fashion has ventured still farther into the past, and, abandoning the styles of *le Grand Monarque*, has chosen as a foundation for new costumes the dress worn in the time of the foppish Henri Trois, his mother, Catherine de Medici, and her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth. For instance, we observe the Henri Trois basque, smooth, shapely, and fitted like a corset; the Henri Trois toque, with erect pompon in front; Catherine de Medici sleeves, that look like armor, close-fitted, with stiffly pleated puffs; the *aumônière*, or reticule, swung low from the belt, from which the *châtelaine* dispenses her alms; the Medici fraise; and the Elizabethan ruff. When all these are well reproduced in combination with some of the Directoire styles of a later period, a most stately yet picturesque attire is obtained, far better suited to the gentlewomen of to-day than the girl-of-the-period costumes lately in vogue.

BEFORE THE GLASS.

A maiden twines the rainbow pearls
About her golden hair,
While loosely yet some wayward curls
Caress her forehead fair;
Then clasps around her graceful throat
More pearls on velvet warm;
Ah! never yet did white robes float
About so sweet a form.

She rises: toward the mirror tall
She turns her satined feet,
Her glances quickly rise and fall,
So fair a sight to meet;
The gentle blushes come and go
As eyelids droop and lift,
For ah! she cannot choose but know
She has the fatal gift.

Will knowledge make her wise in time,
And teach her that her dower
Is fruitful source of many a crime,
Has victims every hour?
Go, Ethel, win in beauty's race,
Remembering, ere you start,
Unlovely is the loveliest face
That hides a truthless heart.

MY STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY ELLA WILLIAMS.

"I suppose you have broken the matter to Eleanor?" I said to "my widower," only three weeks before we were to be married.

"I could not do it after all. We may as well surprise her, and it will be all over at once," said Mr. Eustace, stroking that handsome beard, which had been one of his great attractions to me.

"I verily believe you are afraid of your own daughter. Your long delay is a great injustice to her, and it makes me unhappy—yes, miserable."

"I am sorry, but I rather like your scolding, Lizzie. I have always been used to silent, self-contained women, who would not move an eyelash if the heavens fell."

"Is Eleanor one of that sort?"

"Yes, the oddest girl in the world. I wish she had a little more nonsense about her."

"I have enough for two."

"I give thanks for it. You are

—Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

"The compliment may be well meant, but it sounds doubtful. I shall never trouble you with perfection. Do you think our marriage will make Eleanor unhappy?"

"No—yes—I don't know," said Mr. Eustace, on the rack with my perverse questions.

"How will Hugh like it?"

"Oh, he swears by Eleanor; he will take his cue from her."

"Then I shall make two wretched by going into your home."

"What is the use of talking about it? We love each other, and that's enough," said "my widower" crisply, in what I suspected would be his married tone. Mr. Eustace stayed as late as any young lover, and I hoped most heartily that his daughter did not sit up for him.

I scolded him no more on that evening, but when he was gone I crept very silently to bed with a little sister, and did more hard thinking upon the case of Eleanor Eustace than I had ever spent on her father. I had a vision of the tall, pale, dignified girl (I had seen her once in church) suddenly dumbfounded by the sight of an actual step-mother.

It was not too late to renounce him for her sake, but could I do it? I was the eldest of five sisters, nearly all grown up, and beginning palpably to crowd me out of the home nest. Mr. Eustace was the captive of my bow and spear, the first and only one. We were a family of hearty, not to say boisterous manners, terribly prone to call a spade a spade. I was already twenty-eight; it would be a fearful ordeal to be the old maid of our sisterhood. And, after all, Mr. Eustace would be sure to go further, and Eleanor might fare worse.

But at least I might have the grace to warn her of her fate. I rose up in the small hours and lit a candle, in fear and trembling, for I think this must have been the first deed done in secret in our house. I put pen to paper without losing a moment, lest my courage, like Bob Acre's, should all ooze out of my fingers' ends:

"DEAR ELEANOR EUSTACE: Your father is going to marry me three weeks from to-day. He will not tell you, and I feel that I must. I believe it will be almost as hard for me to enter your home as a second wife as it will be for you to receive me.

"Ever your friend,

"LIZZIE MORTON."

I posted this deed of darkness before daylight, and on the second day the answer was handed in to the breakfast-table with other letters:

"MY DEAR MISS MORTON: Your kind note of the 18th is received.

"Yours sincerely,

"ELEANOR EUSTACE."

That was all. I had sent her a bit of my heart and she returned a stone. In my anger I tore the dainty little note into shreds, and cast them

into the fire-place. My little sister picked out the pieces and tried putting them together like a dissected map. She made out the name "Eustace," and announced it triumphantly.

"Did he want you to elope with him before your wedding clothes were done?" asked Haviland Morton, our naval cousin, who stayed with us between voyages. "I suppose you would sooner give him up than do that?"

"I should hope so," said mother severely, with an eye to the younger girls. Secret marriages never turn out well.

"I am not so certain, saving your presence, auntie," said Haviland. "It seems to me all that girls marry for in these latter days is the fuss and new dresses. It would be a delightful thought to take to sea with me that my love and I belonged wholly to each other, and nobody knew it. I would not have so much as a pair of white gloves to distract our attention from the beauty and glory of the main fact."

We all made up a face at Haviland's absurdity, and I went to try on my new dresses.

I said no more to Mr. Eustace of his daughter, thinking all the more; and the wedding day came like all days, if you wait long enough. We were married at noon, and Mr. Eustace drove me in his carriage the ten miles that lay between my old home and the new. As we approached the latter, he grew absent and restless. I knew by a fellow-feeling that he was thinking of his daughter, but I would do nothing to relieve him—he deserved half an hour of misery.

Eleanor came to meet us as her father opened the door, a girl who might have sat for Tennyson's Isabel:

—"The world hath not another
Of such a finished, chastened purity."

My first feeling, as I stepped across the threshold where another woman had ruled before me, was a very meek one. If that woman had resembled her daughter, how could her husband find anything to admire in me?

"My darling Eleanor," said Mr. Eustace, and paused. It is amazing how affectionate people become when in distress.

"My dearest girl, this is—"

"Mrs. Eustace, I believe," said Eleanor, holding out her hand to me with a faint sweet smile. "Shall you like to go to your room first?"

I followed her up-stairs, leaving a very dazed-looking husband in the hall below. In all the appointments of the room I saw the delicacy of Eleanor's taste.

"You have been too good," I said, taking up a vase of tea-roses to hide my embarrassment.

"Not at all. You will be my guest, you know, until you can guide the house for yourself."

"I will be anything, if you will not look so terribly resigned. You may scold me every day for marrying your father, if only you will like me a little at last."

I was in quite a little flush of emotion, but the ineffable calmness of her manner, as if she had reduced everything to its lowest terms and left not a superlative in the world, steadied me in a moment.

"I think I shall like you very well," she remarked as she left me. When Mr. Eustace came up-stairs, he was very happy.

"Don't you see, Lizzie," he said, "how much better it was to let the thing come to pass naturally than for me to have a scene with Eleanor beforehand? She had probably heard of the marriage from outside people."

"I suppose so," I said, allowing Mr. Eustace to plume himself on his delusion since it amused me and did not hurt him.

Eleanor not only submitted to me, as to a necessary evil, but to the seven other spirits worse than myself, in the shape of my brothers and sisters, who overran the house like an inundation, carrying all before it.

It never entered their honest heads that they could be otherwise than heartily welcome.

They fraternized at once with Hugh Eustace, and, by dint of sheer good nature and stupidity, they sometimes made a breach in Eleanor's reserve.

They dragged Haviland in their train at last, to see the oddest girl in the world.

"You will not like her," I said; "she is not at all your sort, but I will not have you tease her."

"How can you tell what is my sort? Because you are lately married, you need not take it upon you to know all men by these presents."

"Eleanor is very silent. You must not expect her to talk to you."

"Does she never say 'Yes' with an interrogation mark after it?"

"Never."

"Then take me to her quickly, lest I be snatched away before mine eyes have looked upon this miracle of women."

Haviland's manner was as perfectly subjugated by the yoke of Eleanor's serene quietness as I could desire.

When we "speered" at him for his opinion he professed to be disappointed; but he came every day, with an excuse or without one, and studied her with the eye of an artist. A faint little flush sometimes rose to her cheek when she met his gaze. He was with us one day when my sister Annie suddenly laid hands on Eleanor's hair, and, with a dexterous turn or two, laid it in loose waves about her head. It was always "Madonna-wise" before.

"You have no idea," said Annie, "how lovely you look when your hair is loosened up this way—more 'fluffy,' you know. Isn't it so, Haviland?"

"Excuse me," said Eleanor, drawing herself gently but completely away from Annie. "It is a weakness of mine that I cannot endure to be handled in that way except—"

"Except what?" said Annie, bewildered.

"Except by those whom I love very much."

"Would you not also make exception in favor of those who love you very much?" asked Haviland in a low voice, regarding her intently. It seemed to me that everything stood still for an instant, even the hands of the clock. A burning flush spread over Eleanor's face.

"There is only my brother," she burst out with a sort of cry, and went quickly out of the room.

"I declare!" said sister Annie, looking after her with mouth open.

"Oh, Haviland, how could you! She will never forgive you," I said.

"I don't want to be forgiven," he said, lightly; but he went away quickly to the station, and did not come near us for three whole days. Eleanor repaired her fortifications and received him with the same dead calm of courtesy. He resumed his daily sittings with us, but he threw no more stones into the deep waters of Eleanor's nature.

Nothing could be more desirable than that these two should love each other. I longed to beg Eleanor only to look into his eyes, and see the interest written there, but the words were never spoken. I left them alone together whenever I dared, and forbade any of my tribe, on peril of banishment, to make the least approach to a joke on my match-making. I said a word or two of my hope to Mr. Eustace, but he was utterly sceptical. "Eleanor is too cold and calm to love any man, and too conscientious to marry without it. I should like to see the man who should be bold enough to kiss her. Walking up to the cannon's mouth would be nothing to it."

I wanted to see him, too; but as the days went on and Haviland's departure began to be talked of, I was forced to think that he was not to be that bold man.

Eleanor was very busy with Hugh's outfit; he had been at the Naval School, and now had conspired with Haviland to sail in the same ship.

The Winona was under repairs at St. Bo's, and Mr. Eustace and Eleanor went there with Hugh, staying at the hotel a week to buy the last things and say the last words.

Eleanor came home so wan and haggard that for many weeks there might as well have been a ghost in the house. It was very difficult to offer consolation when none was asked or expected, but I could not altogether refrain.

"I had no idea you loved that boy so much," I said, awkwardly.

"You are very good, but I am afraid I cannot talk about it," was the discouraging reply.

"If you can love a brother so much, how you would worship a husband," I said, trembling at my own bravery in thus walking over her boundaries.

Eleanor actually laughed.

"Do you know," I went on, "I think Haviland was just ready to fall in love with you if you had given him the least crumb of encouragement."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No; but one could see it with half an eye."

"You are very clear-sighted in such matters, perhaps."

"I have lived longer than you, Eleanor, and I know that a man cannot go all the way to a woman; she ought to take the least little step towards him."

"I could not do that," said Eleanor.

"Oh, I know it; and so you have let the best fellow on earth slip away from you!"

"Nature made him and then broke the mould," said Eleanor, with a smile.

"You did not know him as I did."

"I dare say I did not."

"But when he comes home again, if he is in the same mind, will you try to like him?"

"Yes, I think I may safely promise that."

The tears came to my eyes in my earnestness, and all at once I found Eleanor crying too, like any other woman.

"My dear little step-mother," she said, "you have my father's worries and your own to bear; I will not trouble you to carry mine." Then she left me, and I could not help thinking that she might love Haviland after all.

Eleanor came slowly out of her sorrow for Hugh's departure, and we settled into the quiet routine which seemed likely to last forever. The Winona was spoken at sea occasionally, and very thick letters came for Eleanor, of which she would read a page or two aloud and keep all the rest for her own hunger. Nearly two years went by, and we began to speak of Hugh's return. A sweet cheerfulness that I had never seen before in Eleanor seemed to crop out of her glad heart. I was very happy with my step-daughter. There was not a cloud as big as a man's hand in our sky, when Eleanor pointed out to me with trembling finger a line in the newspaper. Her eyes besought me to tell her that she had read it wrong. It was a Winona telegram; she had been struck in the night by an English steamer, and sunk with all on board.

As she rose up and fled away with her grief, like a wounded animal, the lines of her face were drawn and settled like those of a middle-aged woman.

"How does Eleanor bear it?" was Mr. Eustace's first question, his own grief fading out beside hers.

"Come and see," I said, leading him into her room, where she lay, pale and quiet, and able to speak of her loss without tears.

I left them together, but it was useless to hope that they could comfort each other.

"She bears it better than I expected," said my husband, rejoining me after a very few minutes.

"If she would only rave and tear her hair, it would be a great relief to my mind, but this calmness is unnatural," I said.

"Not with her. She is not warm-hearted; she does not feel things as we do."

I did not contradict him. Where would have been the use? But it struck me all at once that the first Mrs. Eustace, who was said to resemble her daughter, must have had a very lonely life of it.

The ill news was soon verified, but Eleanor had believed it from the first. She went about the house at first as she had always done, but loss of appetite and disturbed sleep gradually told upon her strength. She learnt to hold her hand tight on her heart as she mounted the stairs. One little industry after another dropped from her weak hands, and, without comment on my side or hers, she soon lay every day and all day on a sofa.

She never called herself ill, and would lie for hours in silence, with a far-away look in her eyes as if she were gazing seaward. My face must have expressed a little of the yearning pity that overflowed my heart.

"Is it for me that you are unhappy?" she asked, doubtfully, one day.

"Yes; I find I have not fortitude enough to bear other people's misfortunes."

"You may easily bear mine. I have been very happy since I knew that my waiting would be short."

"You have had but a dull, lonely life, Eleanor. I cannot wonder at your indifference to it."

A sudden rosy brightness transfigured Eleanor's face, and, for the moment, she was more lovely than I can tell.

"You are wrong, believe me," she said. "I have had my share of happiness; no woman could have more. It was like some great tropical bloom, long in coming and soon gone, but it was unutterably perfect."

I looked at her with wide eyes, and the draw-bridge of her reserve fell instantly. She lay still for a long time, and I could hear the thud of her heart-beats.

When I was leaving her, she showed me a key on a chain that she always wore about her neck.

"Some time you will use this to unlock my desk," she said, "and find there what I cannot say to you now." Not many days after she went out of life as calmly as she had passed through it.

In her desk was a large packet of letters, bound with a strip of paper. On this strip was written the precious secret which she could not part with while she lived. "Bury me with these letters on my heart, and write over my head only this, 'Eleanor Eustace, beloved wife of Haviland Norton.'"

She had said on my wedding day that she thought she might like me very well, and I have reason to believe she did so, never any less and never any more, while I grew to regard her with a passionate admiration.

For a long time after her death, life, alone with my widower, was a very tame affair indeed.

THE MAD ENGLISHMEN.

A STORY OF OSTEND.

Journeying lately in the diligence from Ostend to Ghent, I fell in with a Belgian travelling companion, with whom I had some agreeable chat relative to the country through which we passed, and its inhabitants. He was a native of Ostend, a town which has endured many vicissitudes of fortune, and of which he seemed to know many amusing stories. One of these I shall try to recall to remembrance, in the words in which it was told:

In the year 1817, two Englishmen arrived in Ostend; and from their movements, appeared to be two singular originals. One was short, stout, and red-haired; the other tall and thin. The short one was named Richard Mowbray, and his tall companion was William Featherington. Both were in the prime of life, between forty-five and fifty-five. From head to foot both were gentlemen, and their passports were in the best order and regularity. Upon stepping ashore, they were conducted, at their desire, to the Scheldt inn, in the Guldere Street. The host was by name Rysvoort, and his inn had by no means the best reputation in Ostend. The innkeeper was of course enchanted by the arrival of such unlooked-for guests. They occupied the best apartments in his house, and ordered the choicest fare. The cook busied herself in setting before them a most miserable dinner, and our host did the same by two bottles of execrable wine. The islanders ate and drank with the most perfect satisfaction. But the reckoning? Upon this head the host was quite at ease. The next morning his enormous charges were paid with the utmost indifference. Thus far all was excellent; but Van Rysvoort, unused to such birds of paradise, feared every moment they might depart, and continue their journey to Brussels. He very sagely concluded that the Englishmen did not cross the sea to see Ostend merely, and to pay roundly for his bad cheer.

The pair, however, showed no signs of departure; a diligence offered them every opportu-

ity. The Englishmen remained quietly; all intercourse with the townspeople they avoided—the sights they troubled themselves not at all about. Every day they walked into the country, and ate and drank, smoked, slept, and read the papers, and lived as quietly and peaceably as angels. No letters came to them—they sent none off; the world was dead to them, and they were dead to the world.

Every third morning they regularly paid their bill; took nothing off, although the landlord daily charged a threefold price for everything. Van Rysvoort spoke usually but little too, and troubled himself about his guests still less, since they paid so well; but these self-same Englishmen took up all his attention. He puzzled his brain over and over again, and at last took his wife into his counsels; but as they could not even conjointly solve the mystery, they consulted with friends and neighbors upon what these Englishmen could possibly be doing at Ostend.

"They are spies," said one. "Birds of flight, who are escaping punishment," said the others.

At last the town clerk, who had been some years in England, settled the matter.

"Do not trouble your heads; I'll tell you what these two Englishmen are—they are nothing more nor less than mad Englishmen. Do you know what that means? Listen, and I'll tell you. I knew in London a man who, in his old age, took to leading such a beggarly life, that for fifteen years he lived as the most wretched of paupers. From his fellow-beggars he received every sort of annoyance; his mode of life brought on him cudgelings and imprisonments; but he still persisted. At last one morning he was found in a lane frozen dead! And listen, he left a will—valid, and drawn up by a notary—in which he disposed of more than £50,000 to a village he had never seen nor known. Confess that that was a mad Englishman. Such are those now lodging in the Scheldt." So spoke this clever man. But Van Rysvoort answered, "Mad or not, they are good customers; they live and pay well; never complain and if I only for five years could keep such guests, I should become a made man."

A week after this consultation, and three after their arrival, the Englishmen called their host, and thus addressed him: "Herr Van Rysvoort, your hotel pleases us very much, and if our proposition pleases you, we may continue our acquaintance with each other."

"My lord," answered the delighted host, with a low obeisance, "I am quite at your disposal; say your wishes, and they shall become mine; for I know what I owe to such distinguished guests."

"My good friend," said the little fat man "your hotel is by no means so large as it ought to be; you know you have but three apartments in which gentlemen can be accommodated, and these look upon the street. The rattle of carts and carriages makes noise without end. We love quiet. We are here every instant disturbed. Our health must sink under it. In short, the noise is unbearable."

"I am very sorry to hear it, my lord; what can I do? You are quite right. It is true the traffic is without end, but I cannot shut up the street."

"Certainly not; but the thing is not so difficult after all."

"What does my lord mean?"

"The cost cannot be important, and we will willingly bear the half."

"Pray, continue, my lord," cried out the landlord with a frankness and warmth most unusual to him.

"You have, behind your house, a small garden, in which nothing grows; the old wall is also in ruins. Could you not build there a small house, with three comfortable rooms, and there we shall find a quiet lodging? If you freely give into our plan, as we have said, we will pay the half. When we leave, the house will belong to you; but should this not please you, we must go, although we would willingly remain."

Van Rysvoort seized eagerly upon the proposal, finding his own advantage in every view; he kept his customers, and enlarged his house at their expense.

The same evening the honest Van Rysvoort consulted with a builder, who, at one and the same time, was his gossip and godfather. The builder set briskly to work next morning; for the Englishmen would admit of no delay, and as they marked out the ground, all was quickly in progress.

From morning till night Mr. Richard Mowbray and Mr. William Featherington never left the workmen. Van Rysvoort took great interest in what was going on, but said nothing. It is true he was not quite contented that the haste with which the Englishmen hurried on the building gave no great guarantee for his durability. He would have been better pleased, perhaps, had the building not been raised quite so much in the corner by the old wall, and that it had been carried up a storey or so higher; but his guests were inexorable, and would only allow of one floor. In fourteen days the garden-house was completed, as if by magic. The Englishmen were so delighted, that they took immediate possession.

Van Rysvoort and his wife were now convinced that none but mad Englishmen would leave a good dry house for a new and wet one. However, that was the business of his guests, and being to all appearance a freak, they resolved that it should be well paid for. The entire building, according to the accounts of the artificers employed upon it, cost 2,874 florins—a sum which the innkeeper considered so unreasonably low, that he increased it to 4,738 florins—for his own benefit. Monstrous as was the bill presented to them, the Englishmen paid it, the avaricious host consoling his conscience with

the reflection, that it was all little enough for accommodating such crazy lunatics within his premises.

This matter being settled, the Englishmen, now installed in their garden-house, seldom made their appearance out of it. They ate, drank, smoked and read the papers as usual; but the most curious part of our story is, that they allowed no one to enter, and even made the beds themselves.

All this time their accommodation was not of the best order. Perhaps the frau Van Rysvoort wished to try how little they could be pleased with. Nothing could be worse than their eating and wine; for honest Herr Rysvoort's reasoning was, that before mad Englishmen should drink of a good vintage, they must learn to value it. The facility with which they paid his double charges was only equalled by the uncomplainingness with which they swallowed his ill-prepared viands.

The more shamelessness he exhibited, the greater became the forbearance of his guests. The brain of mine host was always at work to solve so much mystery; he ventured to display a certain dogged anger; still, he moved not the equanimity of his customers. The most puzzling and annoying circumstance was the making their own beds. Why did they always keep themselves fast locked in? Why did they burn a light all night? They moved into the garden for quiet sleep; and yet, since they had possession, they appeared to sleep not at all! Van Rysvoort lost himself in wild conjecture. He stood at his window for whole nights watching the light in the Englishmen's rooms; and at last so puzzled his senses with his guests, that he could no longer enjoy life. The bewildered and tormented landlord now took a good friend or two more into his counsels, and the result of a long deliberation was, that the two Englishmen were neither more nor less than false colors. Van Rysvoort, not a little alarmed at this verdict passed in review the whole of the gold pieces he had received from the Englishmen, but found amongst them not a suspicious piece. Urged by his thrifty better half, he took a guinea to a neighboring Jew money-changer to ascertain its weight and purity. The Jew made every usual test, but declared it good. Now was the honest innkeeper quite at his wits' end; so was his wife; and so was his gossip and godfather, the builder.

Things went on in this manner until the middle of October, when the Englishmen suddenly changed their mode of living. Each bought a gun and a shooting-pouch, and went out—but never together—as they said, to sport upon the dunes and canals. At last, one evening Mr. Featherington called the innkeeper, and informed him that they were both going upon a three-days' shooting excursion.

And sure enough, the following morning, long before sunrise, a carriage was waiting at the door, and the Englishmen, in full sporting trim, jumped into it, and drove off.

So precipitate were they, that the innkeeper had no time to make them his lowest bow, nor to wish them a pleasurable excursion. During the next three days, Van Rysvoort was in a state of considerable perplexity. The Englishmen had taken with them the key of the garden-house; and a hard struggle ensued in his breast between curiosity and discretion. Curiosity said, break open the garden-house; discretion said, such an intrusion would lose him his guests.

Wednesday, the fourth day from the departure of the Englishmen, arrived, and still they did not appear. In the evening a council was held in the inn; the sitting was long and stormy; all sorts of surmises and strange hypotheses were indulged in.

On the Thursday, Van Rysvoort put on his great-coat most wofully, and went to give information to the police. He, however, took this step very unwillingly, as he wisely calculated that, in the event of his guests having met with an untimely end, he could not quietly possess himself of their valuables. The commissary and three gendarmes attended at the inn, to clear up the mystery.

As a matter of form, three knocks at the door summoned to a surrender. Of no use—no reply. Then, as a matter of course, followed the forcing the entrance. The happy long-wished-for moment arrived. Lo! what came to sight? Nothing, literally nothing!

The police functionaries and the innkeeper started back in amazement. Then followed a long-drawn breath from the head-over-head peeping band of curious friends and relatives pressing on the back-ground. A gendarme drew his sword, and valiantly rushed into the apartments. But there was nothing to encounter but two empty trunks and an open letter. With these trophies he hurried back. A new movement then took place. The commissary read as follows:

"MY DEAR VAN RYSVOORT—Convinced that you are as well versed in the chronicles of your town as you are in your ledger, of whose exactitude you have left us nothing to doubt, it may be useless to tell you that Ostend, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was mixed up in the war then raging between Spain and Holland. Your town was, from the year 1601 to 1604, exposed to those vicissitudes that all so situated are liable to, until the Dutch garrison was forced to yield to the Spanish general Spinola. Amongst the defenders who fought like heroes under the colors of the United Provinces, were many Englishmen, sons of the first families of our country. In this band was one of our ancestors, who was treasurer of the expedition. Before the town capitulated, he with great caution hid from the capture of the Spaniards the treasure-box."

"Soon after, he returned to England and died, but not before he had given to his family some intelligence of the concealed treasures. This good fortune has devolved upon us; your house and garden were pointed out as the spot. Once upon our track, we lost no time in installing ourselves in your inn, and soon found reason to be satisfied with our operations. We have succeeded, without giving rise to any suspicions, in obtaining the possession of the treasures so long and deeply buried in oblivion, and in appropriating them to ourselves, their right destination. How we operated, need now no longer be a secret; but, Herr Van Rysvoort, we must premise our disclosure by declaring, upon our honor as gentlemen, that we have fairly let you into one half of the treasures. So long as Ostend exists, no innkeeper will have again such profitable guests. You have robbed us through thick and thin, as though we had fallen into the hands of a banditti. You have not only doubly, but hundredfold chicaned us. We were determined to shut our eyes to your proceedings. As we promised, you have profited. In the furthest room you will find a portion of the floor broken up; you will also find a hole ten feet deep at the bottom of which lies an iron chest. We took our time in removing the old ducats of Charles V. The chest we bequeath to you, with the recommendation that you fill up the chasm again at your convenience."

"Perhaps you will wish to know how the 'mad Englishmen' are really named. We are very sorry in this respect to be unwilling to oblige you. The discovery would be of no use, as we firmly intend never to set foot again in your memorable town, or in your inn. Do not trouble yourself with any reflections upon our conduct. The finance minister of Queen Elizabeth can alone call us to account; and he, good man, has already given up his claims full two hundred years ago; so, upon his score, we lightly trouble ourselves."

"For the future, in laughing over the very questionable conduct you have shown us, we shall always bear witness to the high esteem with which we are impressed as to your character as a man and an innkeeper. In the hope of never seeing you again, with our hearty farewell, we give you leave to call us, and to speak of us, as the

"MAD ENGLISHMEN."

Van Rysvoort rolled his eyes and bit his lips; but to what purpose? The first transport of rage having passed away, the innkeeper ended the matter by an observation which did honor to his perception, "that these Englishmen, after all, were not so mad as they seemed to be."

LIVING IN HONG KONG.

BY AN OFFICIAL'S WIFE.

To say that I enjoyed my life in China would faintly express my feelings. Such immunity from the turmoil of domestic life, from the petty cares of existence, the wastefulness of servants, I never expect to experience again.

The Chinese are a race of cooks. During my residence in Hong Kong of some years, never was an ill-cooked or ill-served meal placed upon my table.

I know little of the preparation myself, never going to the kitchen; but all my orders passing through the compadore or steward, who "was responsible for their execution. When giving a dinner party, I had only to specify the number of guests, and style of entertainment, to have everything complete without the trouble of personal inspection or risk of failure.

When we arrived in Hong Kong we found our predecessor had left for us his well-trained corps of house-servants, ten in number; and as we were to live in a Government house, which was already furnished, we could take immediate possession. The house was large and handsome, built of stone, with verandas running along each story, and set in a lovely garden, full of delightful shrubs and tropical plants. The days were delightful, for it was the winter season; but we had fires in the evening, in large open fire-places, which reminded us of our early days at home. Only in the houses of the very wealthiest people is fire for the purposes of warmth ever used. Shall braziers be employed, filled with coals. They are portable, and many of them are very ornamental, made of bronze or copper, in the shape of vases or animals, and are very beautiful.

Our carpets were matting, our furniture of bamboo and beautiful lacquered ware, and our hangings of India muslin and mandarin silk; the lightness, delicacy, and strangeness of everything was very taking to the children; they ran about, shouting at the ornaments, many of them in the shape of hideous monsters, which the Chinese love to depict on the screen, from which leered Chinese lords, with their servants standing in bowing submission before them.

In the winter we had the wind blowing from the north in our faces, but when summer came, Hong Kong, being situated upon the lower sides of a hill, was shut off from a breeze, and was like an oven. The thermometer never rose above eighty-nine; but it was at this figure night and day, unchanging for months, and with a moist, sticky heat, that brought out the mould upon everything. A pair of boots in one night would grow up lovely specimens of fungi, kid gloves could not be kept unspotted, and we all descended to thread gloves, until thermome-

ter changed; every room had a large fan suspended from the ceiling, called a "punka," which was kept in motion by a servant, and made a breeze of hot air. Occasionally lizards darted across our parlor, or hid in our bed. Now, in England, a poor little mouse would often frighten me out of my wits; but a lizard was such a terrible novelty, that horror kept me awake, especially when I found one of these reptiles snugly ensconced between the sheets.

The foreign population, which makes the society of Hong Kong, is small, and composed of various classes. With little delay, most people call upon us; no tradesmen are admitted into the best society; every one who hangs out a sign with his own name upon it, unless a doctor, loses all chance of sunning himself in the smiles of the upper class! to bow to one's dentist was awful; to speak to an auctioneer, unless upon business, consigned one to the lower strata. We, being in Government employ, resolved to return all calls made upon us, and be polite to every one. It was a difficult question. If we joined the dons, we must do as the dons did, and be always haw-hawing at somebody or something. On the other hand, if we went to the other extreme, and consorted with ship captains who were guiltless of collars, vests, and neckties, and performed juggler's tricks with their knives, we should be consigned to a sort of social limbo. We resolved to call upon all who called upon us, and thereby escape shipwreck.

Upon the very first week of our arrival, we were invited to a dinner-party at the governor's, a party of thirty-four. These are the great occasions in Hong Kong, and full dress, as at a ball, is necessary. The ladies were gorgeously dressed, as much so as I had ever seen them upon any occasion in England. The leader of fashion was an American, a daughter of one of the United States' naval heroes, but married to a foreigner at Hong Kong. She was petite in size, dressed in a pink silk train, for the waist and sleeves were nothing to speak of. She had a necklace composed of twenty-five diamonds, a diamond tiara upon her head; arms flashing back the lustre from the bracelets covering them; she flashed and glistened as she moved, and eclipsed all rivals by her ornaments. The other ladies were attired in ball dresses, blue, amber, and Nile green silks, some in tarlatan, and all wore many diamonds. The table had plate of the elegant frosted silver made in China, and the most unique Chinese porcelain. By each plate lay a bouquet of flowers, and behind each chair stood a Chinese servant, in spotless white. The dinner consisted of twelve courses, abundance of fruit, flowers in profusion; and the regimental band, in the veranda outside, made delightful music. After a sitting of two hours, the ladies retired to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen to the garden to smoke, where wine and cigars were carried to them. The dinner was much like a state dinner in any civilized country.

Just after our arrival in Hong Kong a typhoon was expected one day; and all our rear windows looking upon the harbor were boarded up. The previous year great damage had been done, and many houses were overflowed and ruined by neglect of precautions for safety. A typhoon is a "terrible blow," worse than any hurricane, and while it lasts, which is generally not more than half an hour, sometimes less, is dreadful. First comes an ominous silence, as though all nature had stopped breathing; then a terrific roaring, which gradually increases in loudness, bringing the wind, whirling and tearing up trees, twisting them like reeds, creating a vacuum over the bay which drew up boats and small vessels, and apparently dropped them again, an undistinguishable mass. Thunder and lightning added to the terrors of the scene. The rain also came in torrents, and pelted upon the windows in great splashes, like hail. I sat with the children in the centre of one of our front rooms, listening to the deafening roar, and trembling in anticipation of what might come next. But it soon passed away, the sun came out, and we could look upon the destruction—not so great, I was told, as is usual upon such occasions. The water was strewn with wrecks, floating boxes, spars, and other debris; some of the choicest shrubs in our garden lay low; the walks were covered with broken branches of trees, and most of our trellises were down. I never could think of a typhoon without terror, for generally the barometer gave us notice, and we had time to make some preparation; yet experience never lessened the fears with which we awaited one.

FUN IN A NAME.—A writer in *Notes and Queries* has made a collection of singular names, which, if published some years ago, might have saved Dickens and Balzac some trouble. Dickens, as is well known, was very peculiar about the names of his characters, and was a month often in sulting himself. The felicity of many of them well repays the pains taken. His works are a perfect cabinet of nomenclature. Balzac was equally, if not more scrupulous. It is said that he wandered about the streets reading the signboards to find names to suit his characters. The writer in *Notes and Queries* has certainly gotten together a comical collection. Here are Allechin and Mr. Appleyard; Mr. Bythesea and Mr. Bytheway—probably a forgetful gentleman—with Messrs. Baby, Barefoot, Butler, Bellhanger, Christmas, Camomile, Cutbush, a florist; Cobbleddick, who should be a shoemaker; Death, Deadman, Drawwater, Drinkwater, members of the temperance society, and Drinkall, who believes in Anacreon. Eyes, Eatwater, Gosling, Gray, Goose, Gotobed, Ghost, Handsomebody, Hezekiah Hollowbread, Mackerel, Oysters, Punch and Pigeon, and these are only a smattering.

OVER THE DAM.

Yes, life is a swift-runnin' river,
And it's mighty hard stemmin' its tide,
But the boat glides so smoothly at startin'
That one feels like lettin' it glide.
You hear the wild roar of the rapids
That below you now thunder and break,
But you think you can easily pull back
When you see their white foam in your wake.

Well, with me it was mighty smooth sailin'
Durin' all of life's first summer hours,
And the river sang ever so sweetly,
And its banks were so brilliant with flowers!
While the bow that hung over the torrent
Seem'd a halo that beckon'd me there,
And the white mist that rose from its waters
Quite conceal'd the black gulf of despair!

To be sure, I pass'd friends as I drifted,
Pullin' sturdily up 'gin the stream,
But I laugh'd as I saw how they labor'd,
While my boat danc'd along like a dream!
What matter'd which way it was glidin'?—
If I sail'd with it up or sail'd down?—
Behind I saw only life's struggles,
And before me was pleasure—life's crown.

I say I pass'd friends pullin' up stream,
And they warn'd me of danger below;
But advice is so cheap that when given
It amounts to jest nothin', you know!
And experience—well, that's of some value,
But it ain't always wisdom it brings;
I've got it—you're right: 'tis a nettle,
And I pluck'd it at cost of its stings!

It's tough, lookin' up that bright river,
And seein' where I might have turn'd back,
To think that I took things so easy,
Lettin' everything go to the wrack;
But I'm here now, jest as you find me,
And I'm—well, you can see what I am:
I drifted, you know, with the current,
And of course I went over the dam!

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS. M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.

LUCIUS MAKES A CONFESSION.

It was nearly six o'clock when Geoffrey and his cousins left Mardenholme. On descending from Lady Baker's apartments in quest of Bella and Dessie, Mr. Hossack had found those two damsels wandering among the shrubberies in the forlornest manner, vainly striving to stifle frequent yawns, so unenterprising had been the society of the devoted Mr. and Mrs. Wimple, "who scarcely did anything but whisper and titter to each other all the time we were with them," Bella said afterwards.

"I thought you were playing croquet," said Geoffrey, when he found this straggling party in a grove of arbutus and magnolia.

"We have been playing croquet," answered Dessie, with some asperity; "but one can't play croquet for ever. There's nothing in Dante's infernal regions more dreadful than that would be. We played as long as we could; Mr. and Mrs. Wimple were tired ever so long before we finished."

"No, indeed," exclaimed the Wimples simultaneously.

"What have you been doing all this time, Geoffrey?" asked Bella.

"Lady Baker has been so kind as to show me her pictures."

"Yes, of course; but you needn't have been hours looking at them. We must get back directly, or we shall be late for dinner. Ah, there is Lady Baker," cried Bella, as her ladyship appeared on the terrace before the drawing-room windows. "Come and say good-bye, Dessie, and get the boat ready, Geoff. You'll have to row us back in an hour. Nothing vexes papa so much as any one being late for dinner. I don't think he would wait more than ten minutes for an archbishop."

"I'll row like old boots," answered Geoffrey; whereon the young ladies ran off to take an affectionate leave of Lady Baker, while their cousin sauntered down to the weeping willow to whose lowest branch he had moored the wherry. In five minutes they had embarked, and the oars were dipping in the smooth water.

They were at Hillersdon in time to dress somewhat hurriedly, for the all-important eight o'clock dinner, which went off pleasantly enough. All that evening cousin Geoffrey made himself particularly agreeable—listened to Bella's break-neck fantasias and Dessie's newest ballads with every appearance of rapture; played chess with Bella, and b6zique with Dessie, and allowed himself to be beaten by both.

"What a delightful evening we have had!"

said Bella, as she wished him good-night; "Why don't you come to us oftener, Geoffrey?"

"I mean to come very often in future," replied the impostor, hardly knowing what he said.

At breakfast next morning there was no sign of Geoffrey; but just as Bella had seated herself before the urn, the butler appeared with a letter.

"Mr. Geoffrey left this for you, ma'am," said the domestic, "when he went away."

"Went away! My cousin, Mr. Hossack, gone!" cried Bella, aghast, while Dessie rushed to her sister's side, and strove to possess herself of the letter.

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Geoffrey left by the first train; Dawson drove him over in the dogcart. The letter would explain, Mr. Geoffrey said."

"Belle, read the letter, for goodness' sake!" cried Dessie impatiently, and don't sit staring like a figure in a hairdresser's window."

The butler lingered to give a finishing touch to the well-furnished sideboard, and to hear the contents of Geoffrey's letter.

It was brief, and in the opinion of the sisters, unsatisfactory—the style spasmodic, as of one

as the South-Western Railway would take him thither, and straightway upon his arrival transferred himself to a hansom, bidding the driver convey him at full speed to the Shadrack-road.

He reached that melancholy district before noon, and found the shabby-genteel villa, with its fast-decaying stucco front, its rusty iron railings, in which his friend Lucius Davoren had begun his professional career. But early as it was, Lucius had gone forth more than two hours.

"I must see him," said Geoffrey to the feeble little charwoman, whose spirits were fluttered by the appearance of this rampant stranger, his fiery impatience visible in his aspect. "Have you any idea where I can find him?"

"Lor, no, sir; he goes from place to place—in and out, and up and down. It wouldn't be the least bit of good tryin' to foiler him. You might wait if you liked, on the chance. He do sometimes come home betwixt one and two to take a mossel of bread-and-cheese and a glass of ale, if he's going to make a extry long afternoon. But his general way is to come home to a tea-dinner betwixt five and six."



"REMEMBRANCES OF CHILDHOOD."

accustomed to communicate his ideas by electric telegraph, rather than in the more ornate form of a written letter.

"DEAREST BELLE,—Most unfortunate. Have received telegram summoning me to town. Most particular business. Must go. Regret much. Thought I was in for no end of fun down here. Hope to return shortly. Make my excuses to my uncle, and be lenient yourself towards your affectionate cousin

Geoff."

"Was there ever anything so annoying?" cried Bella, "and after Lady Baker's politeness to him yesterday! Particular business! What can he have to do with business?"

"I daresay it's horse-racing, or something dreadful," said Dessie. "I saw a great change in him. He has such a wild look sometimes, and hardly ever seems to know what one says to him."

"Dessie," exclaimed Bella with solemnity, "I shouldn't be surprised if Geoffrey were going to be married."

"O, Belle," cried Dessie with a gasp, "you don't think he'd be mean enough for that—to go and get engaged, and never say a word to us."

"I don't know," answered her sister gloomily. "Men are capable of any amount of meanness in that way."

Geoffrey Hossack went up to London as far

tience. Those exuberant energies asked not repose; he wanted to be up and doing. His mind was full of his interview with Lady Baker, full of anxious longing thoughts about the woman he loved.

"What became of that man we met in the forest?" he asked of the unresponsive atmosphere. "If I could but track him to his miserable grave, and get a certificate of his death, what a happy fellow I should be!"

He paced the little room, looked out of the window at the enlivening traffic of the Shadrack-road; huge wagons laden with petroleum casks, timber, iron, cotton bales, grinding slowly along the macadam; an organ droning drearily on the other side of the way; a costermonger crying wheeks and hot eels, as appropriate refreshment in the sultry August noontide; upon everything that stale, burnt-up aspect which pervades London at the end of summer; a universal staleness, an odor of doubtful fish and rotten fruit.

After the space of an hour and a half, which to Geoffrey's weariness had seemed interminable, a light step sounded on the little stone-paved approach; a latchkey clicked in the door, and Lucius came into the parlor.

There was surprise unbounded on the surgeon's side.

"Why, Geoff, I thought you were in Norway!" he exclaimed.

"I changed my mind about Norway," answered the other somewhat sheepishly. "How could I be such a selfish scoundrel as to go and enjoy myself shooting and fishing and so on, while she is lonely. No, Lucius, I feel somehow that it is my destiny to win her, and that it will be my own fault—*de mon tort*, as the lawyers say—if I lose my chance. So when I had got as far as Hull I turned tail, and I came back to town, where I found a letter from my cousin Belle Hossack, offering me the very opportunity I wanted."

"Your cousin Belle! the very opportunity! What do you mean? What could your cousin Belle have to do with my sister?"

"An introduction to Lady Baker. Don't you see, Lucius? From Lady Baker I might find out all about that villain who called himself Vandeleur. Now, for heaven's sake, old fellow, be calm and hear what I have to tell you. I've travelled up from Hampshire post haste on purpose to tell you all by word of mouth. I might have written, but I wanted to talk the matter over with you. You may be able to throw some light upon that matter."

"Upon what matter?" asked Lucius, utterly bewildered by this hurried and disjointed address.

"You may be able to tell me what became of that wild fellow who came in upon us in our log hut out yonder—whether he is alive or dead. Why, good God, Lucius, you've turned as white as a sheet of paper? What's the matter?"

"I'm tired," said the surgeon, dropping slowly into a chair by the table, and shading his face with his hand in a thoughtful attitude. "And your wild talk is enough to bewilder any man, especially one who has just come in from a harassing round amongst sickness and poverty. What do you mean? You speak one minute of my sister and Lady Baker, and in the next of that man we met yonder. What link can there be between subjects so wide apart?"

"A closer link than you could ever guess, yet you did hint at such a suspicion the other night when we talked the matter over. The villain who married your sister and that man yonder—"

"Were one and the same!" cried Lucius, almost with a shriek. "I suspected it; I suspected it out yonder in the forest, as I sat and watched that man's face in the firelight. I have suspected it since then many a time; have dreamt it oftener than I can count, for half my dreams are haunted by that man. Was I right? For God's sake speak out, Geoffrey. Is that the man?"

"It is."

"You know it?"

"I have had indisputable proof of it. Lady Baker showed me a photograph of the man who stole your sister from her home, and the face in that photograph is the face of the man we let into our hut in the backwoods."

"Mysterious are Thy ways," cried Lucius, "and Thy paths past finding out. Many a time have I fought against this idea. It seemed of all things the most improbable; too wild, too strange for belief. I dared not allow myself to think it. It was he, then. My hatred of him was a natural instinct; my abhorrence hardly needed the proof of his infamy. From the first moment in which our eyes met my soul cried aloud, 'There is thy natural enemy.'"

"It is your turn to talk wildly now, Lucius," said Geoffrey, surprised by the intensity of the other's passion, "but you have not answered my question. While I lay off my head in the log hut, not knowing anything that was going on round me, did nothing happen to throw a light upon the fate of the guide and that man Matchi, as we called him. They set out to try and find the track; did they never return?"

"The guide never returned," answered Lucius, looking downward with a gloomy countenance, in deep thought. "Now, I'll ask you a question, Geoffrey. In all your talk with our Dutch friend, Shanck, while I was ill and unconscious, did he tell you nothing, hint nothing, about that man?"

"Nothing," replied the other unhesitatingly. "He was as close as the grave. But had he anything to tell?"

"Yes, if he had chosen to betray. He might have told you that I, your friend—I, who had watched by your bed through those long dreary

nights, death staring me in the face as I watched—that I, whom you would have trusted in the direst extremity—was an assassin."

"Lucius," cried Geoffrey, starting up with a look of horror, "are you mad?"

"No, Geoff. I am reasonable enough now, Heaven knows; whatever I might have been in that fatal time yonder, You want the truth, and you shall have it, though it will sicken you as it sickens me to think of it. I have kept the hideous secret from you, not because I had any fear of the consequences of my act—not because that I am not ready to defend the deed boldly before my fellow men—but because I thought the horrid story might part us. We have been fast friends for so many years, Geoff, and I could not bear to think your liking might be turned to loathing."

Tears, the agonising drops which intensest pain wrings from manhood, were in his eyes. He covered his face with his clasped hands, as if he would have shut out the very light which had witnessed that horror he shuddered to recall.

"Lucius," exclaimed Geoffrey, at once anxious and bewildered, "all this is madness! You have been overworking your brain."

"Let me tell my story," said the other. "It will lighten my burden to share it—even if the revelation makes you hate me."

"Even on your own showing I would not believe you guilty of any baseness," answered Geoffrey. "I would sooner think your mind distraught than that I had been mistaken in your character."

"It was no deliberate baseness," said Lucius quietly. "He had in some measure recovered his composure since that burst of passionate grief. 'I did what at that moment appeared to me only an act of justice. I took a life for a life.'"

"You, Lucius!" cried the other, his eyes opening with horror. "You took the life of a man—yonder—in America?"

"Yes, Geoffrey. I killed the man who blighted my sister's life."

"Good God! He is dead then—this scoundrel—and by your hand."

"He is. And if ever man deserved to die by the act of his fellow man that man most fully merited his fate. But though in that awful hour, when the deed of horror which I had witnessed was burnt into my brain, I took his life deliberately and advisedly, the memory of the act has been a torment to me ever since. But let me tell you the secret of that miserable time. It is not a long story, and I will tell it in as few words as possible."

Briefly, but with an unflinching truthfulness, he told of the night scene in the forest; the ruffian's attempt to enter the hut; and the bullet which struck him down as he burst open the window.

"You lay there, Geoffrey, unconscious; sleeping that blessed sleep which God sends to those whose feet have been journeying on the border-land betwixt life and death. Even to awaken you roughly might have been to peril your chance of recovery. The firing of the gun might have done it. But my first thought was that he, the assassin and traitor who had slaughtered the faithful companion of our dangers and privation—that he, brutal and merciless as any savage in the worst island of the Pacific—should not be suffered to approach you in your helplessness. I had warned him that if he attempted to cross our threshold I would shoot him down with as little compunction as if he had been a mad dog. I kept my word."

"But are you certain your bullet was fatal?"

"Of what followed the firing of that shot I know nothing; but I have never doubted its results. Even if the wound was not immediately fatal the man must have speedily perished. The last I saw was the loosening clutch of his lean hand as he dropped from the window; the last I heard was a howl of pain. My brain, which had been kept on the rack for many a dreary night of sleeplessness and fear, gave way all at once, and I fell to the ground like a log. I have every reason to believe that what I suffered at that moment was an apoplectic seizure which might have been fatal but for Schanck's promptitude in bleeding me. After the shock came brain fever, from which, as you know, I was slow to recover. When my senses did return, I seemed to enter upon a new world. Thought and memory came back by degrees, and the vision of that scene in the forest grew slowly out of the confusion of my brain until it became a vivid picture that has haunted me ever since."

"Had you met the man who betrayed your sister, would you have killed him?" asked Geoffrey.

"In fair fight, yes."

"He who rules the destinies of us all decreed that you should meet him unawares. You were the instrument of God's vengeance upon a villain."

"Vengeance is mine," repeated Lucius thoughtfully. "Often, when reproaching myself for that rash act, I have almost deemed the deed a kind of blasphemy. What right had I to forestall God's day of reckoning? For every crime there is an appointed punishment. The assassin we hang to-day might pay a still heavier price for his sin were we to leave him in the hands of God."

"Lucius," said Geoffrey, stretching out his hand to his friend, "in my eyes you stand clear of all guilt. Was it not chiefly for my sake you fired that shot? and for my own part I can assure you that cold-blooded scoundrel would have had a short shrift had I been his executioner. So let us dismiss all thought of him, with the memory of the last murderer who swung at

Newgate. One fact remains paramount—a fact that for me changes earth to Paradise; your sister is free."

Lucius started, and for the first time a look of absolute fear came into his face.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You will tell her that her husband fell by my hand? You forget, Geoffrey, that my confession must be sacred. If I did not pledge you to secrecy, it was because I had so firm a faith in your honor that I needed no promise of your silence."

"Let me tell her only of that man's death." "She will hardly be satisfied with a statement unsupported by proof," answered Lucius doubtfully.

"What, will she doubt my honor?"

"Love is apt to be desperate. The lover has a code of his own."

"Not if he is an honest man," cried Geoffrey.

"But Janet has been once deceived, and will be slow to trust where she loves. Put her to the test. Tell her that you know this man is dead, and if she will believe you and if she will be your wife, there is no one, not even yourself, who will be gladder than I. God knows it is a grief for me to think of her lonely position, her life-long penance for the error of her youth. I have entreated her to share my home, humble as it is, but she refuses. She is proud of her independence, and though I know she loves me, she prefers to live aloof from me, with no other society than her child's."

They talked long, Geoffrey full of mingled hope and fear. He left his friend late in the afternoon, intending to go down to Stillmington by the mail train, to try his fortunes once more. Lucius had told him he was beloved; was not that sufficient ground for hope?

"She will not be too exacting," he said to himself. "She will not ask me for chapter and verse, for the doctor's certificate, the undertaker's bill. If I say to her, upon my honor, your husband is dead, she will surely believe me."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

A CHANGE CAME O'ER THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAM.

That calm delight which Lucius Davoren had hitherto felt in the society of his betrothed, and his happy expectation of a prosperous future to be shared with her, were now clouded over with new doubts and fears. His mind had been weighed down by the burden of a dreadful secret, from the moment of that discovery which had showed him that the man he had killed and the father of the girl who loved him were one and the same. Those calm clear eyes which looked at him so tenderly sometimes wounded him as keenly as the bitterest reproach. Had she but known the fatal truth—she who had always set the memory of her father above her affection for himself—could he doubt the result of that knowledge? Could he doubt that she would have turned from him with abhorrence, that she would have shrunk with loathing from the lightest touch of his blood-stained hand.

Vain would have been all argument, all attempt to justify his act, with the daughter who clung with a romantic fondness to her lost father's image.

"You killed him," she would have summed up all arguments in those three words. "You killed him. If he was wicked, you gave him no time for repentance; you cut him off in the midst of his sin. Who made you his judge, who made you his executioner? He was a sinner like yourself, and you thrust yourself between God and His infinite mercy. You did more than slay his body; you robbed him of redemption for his sin."

He could imagine that this girl, clinging with unreasonable love to that dead sinner's memory, would argue somewhat in this wise, and he felt himself powerless to reply. These thoughts weighed him down, and haunted him even in the company of his beloved. Yet, strange to say, Lucille did not remark the difference in her lover, and it remained for Lucius to perceive a change in her. His own preoccupation had rendered him less observant than usual, and he was slow to mark this alteration in Lucille's manner, but the time came when he awakened to the fact. There was a change, indefinable, indescribable, but a change which he felt vaguely, and which seemed to grow stronger day by day. The thought filled him with a sudden horror. Did she suspect? Had some circumstance, unnoticed by him, led the way to the discovery he most dreaded, to the revelation of that secret he hoped to hide from her for ever? Surely no. Her hand did not shrink from his, the kiss he pressed upon that pure young brow evoked no shudder. Whatever the trouble was that had wrought this change in her, paled the fair young cheek and saddened the sweet eyes, the perplexity or the sorrow was in herself, and had no reference to him.

"Lucille," he said one evening, a few days after his interview with Geoffrey Hossack, as they paced the garden together in the dusk, "it seems to me that we are not quite so happy as we used to be. We do not talk so hopefully of the future, we have not such pleasant thoughts and fancies as we once had. Very often when I am speaking to you, I see your eyes fixed with a strange far-off look, as if you were thinking of something quite remote from the subject of our talk. Is there anything that troubles you, dear? Are you uneasy about your grandfather?"

"He does not seem so well as he did three weeks ago. He does not care about coming

down-stairs now; the old weakness seems to have returned. And his appetite has fallen off again. I wish you would be a little more candid, Lucius," she said, looking at him earnestly. "You used to say he was improving steadily, and that you had great hopes of making him quite himself again before very long; now you hardly say anything, except to give me directions about diet."

"Do you wish me to speak quite plainly, Lucille," asked Lucius seriously; "even if what I have to say should increase your anxiety?"

"Yes, yes; pray treat me like a woman, and not like a child. Remember what my life has been—how full of care and sorrow. I am not like a girl who has lived only in the sunshine. Tell me the plain truth, Lucius, however painful. You think my grandfather worse?"

"I do, Lucille, very much worse than I thought him three weeks ago. And what is more, I am obliged to confess myself puzzled by his present condition. I can find no cause for this backward progress, and yet I am watching the symptoms very closely. I have this case so deeply at heart, that I do not believe any one could do more with it than I. But if I do not see an improvement before many days are over, I shall seek advice from wider experience than my own. I will bring one of the greatest men in London to see your grandfather. A consultation may be unnecessary or useless, but it will be for our mutual satisfaction."

"Yes," answered Lucille, "I have the strongest faith in your skill; but, as you say, it might be better to have farther advice. Poor grandpapa! It makes me wretched to see him suffer—to see him so weak and weary and restless, if not in absolute pain, and to be able to do so little for him."

"You do all that love and watchfulness can do, dearest. By the way, you spoke of diet just now. That is a thing about which you cannot be too careful. We have to restore exhausted nature, to renovate a constitution almost worn by hard usage. I should like to know all about the preparation of the broths and jellies you give your grandfather. Are they made by you, or by Mrs. Wincher?"

"Wincher makes the broths and beef-tea in an earthenware jar in the oven, I make the jellies with my own hands."

"Are you quite sure of Wincher's cleanliness and care?"

"Quite. I see her getting the jar ready every morning when I am in the kitchen attending to other little things. I am not afraid of working in the kitchen, you know, Lucius."

"I know that you are the most domestic and skilful among women, and that you will make a model wife, darling," he answered tenderly.

"For a poor man, perhaps," she answered, with the smile that had been rare of late, "not for a rich one. I should not know how to spend money, or to give dinner-parties, or to dress fashionably."

"That kind of knowledge would come with the occasion. When I am a great surgeon you shall be a lady of fashion. But to return to the diet question. You are assured that there is perfect cleanliness in the preparation of your grandfather's food—no neglected copper saucepans used, for instance?"

"There is not such a thing as a copper saucepan in the house. What made you ask the question?"

"Mr. Sivewright has complained lately of occasional attacks of nausea, and I am unable to account for the symptom. That is what makes me anxious about the preparation of his food."

"Would it be any satisfaction to you if I were to prepare everything myself?"

"A very great satisfaction."

"Then I will do it, Lucius. Wincher may feel a little offended, but I will try and reconcile her to my interference. It was a great privilege to be allowed to make the jellies."

"Never mind if she is vexed, darling; a few sweet words from you will soon smooth her ruffled feathers. I shall be glad to know that you prepare everything for the invalid. And I would not do it in the kitchen, where Wincher might interfere. Have a fire in the little dressing-room next your grandfather's room, and have your saucepans and beef-tea and so on up there. By that means you will be able to give him what he wants at any moment, without delay."

"I will do so, Lucius. But I fear you think my grandfather in danger."

"Not exactly in danger, darling. But he is very ill, and I have been thinking it might be better for you to have a nurse. I don't say that he requires any one to sit up at night with him. He is not ill enough for that. I am only afraid that the care he requires may be too much for you."

"It is not too much for me, Lucius," answered the girl eagerly. "I would not have a stranger about him for worlds. The sight of a sick-nurse would kill him."

"That is a foolish prejudice, Lucille."

"It may be; and when you find I nurse him badly, or neglect him, you may bring a stranger. Till then I claim the right to wait upon him, with Mr. Wincher's assistance. He has been my grandfather's valet—giving the little help his master would ever accept—for the last twenty years."

"And you have perfect confidence in Mr. Wincher?"

"Confidence!" exclaimed Lucille, with a wondering look. "I have known him all my life, and seen his devotion to my grandfather. What reason could I have to doubt him?"

"Little apparent reason, I admit," answered Lucius thoughtfully. "Yet it is sometimes

from those we least suspect we receive the deepest wrongs. These Winchers may believe your grandfather to be very rich; they may suppose that he has left them a good deal of money; and might—mind, I am only suggesting a remote contingency—they might desire to shorten his life. O, my dearest," he cried, pained by Lucille's whitening face, "remember I do not for a moment say that this is likely; but—as I told you few moments ago—there are symptoms in the case that puzzle me, and we cannot be too careful."

Lucille leaned upon him trembling like a leaf, with her white face turned towards him, a look of unspeakable horror in her eyes.

"You don't mean—" she faltered; "you cannot mean that you suspect, that you are afraid of my grandfather being poisoned?"

"Lucille," he said tenderly, sustaining the almost-fainting girl, "the truth is always best. You shall know all I can tell you. There are diseases which baffle even experience; there are symptoms which may mean one thing or another, may indicate such and such a state, or be the effect of a condition exactly opposite; there are symptoms which may arise alike from natural causes or from a slow and subtle poison. This is why so many a victim has been done to death under the very eye of his medical attendant, and only when too late the hideous truth has dawned upon the doctor's mind, and he has asked himself with bitter self-reproach, 'Why did I not make this discovery sooner?'"

"Whom could you suspect?" cried Lucille. "I am confident as to the fidelity of Mr. and Mrs. Wincher. They have had it in their power to rob my grandfather at any moment, if gain could have tempted them to injure him. Why, after all these years of faithful servitude, should they attempt to murder him?"

This was said in a low tremulous voice, terror still holding possession of the girl's distracted mind.

"The thought is as horrible as it appears impossible," said Lucius, whose apprehensions had as yet assumed only the vaguest form. He had never meant to betray this shadowy fear, which had arisen only within the last twenty-four hours, but he had been led on to say more than he intended.

"Let us speak no more of it, dearest," he said soothingly. "You attach too much importance to my words. I have only suggested care; I have only told you a well-known fact, namely, that the symptoms of slow poisoning and of natural disease are sometimes exactly alike."

"You have filled me with fear and horror!" cried Lucille, shuddering.

"Let me bring a nurse into the house," pleaded Lucius, angry with himself for his imprudence. "Her presence would at least give you courage and confidence."

"No; I will not have my grandfather frightened to death. He shall take nothing but what I prepare for him; no one shall go near him but I, or without my being present."

"By the way," said Lucius thoughtfully, "you remember that noise I heard the evening we went up to the loft together?"

"I remember your fancy about a noise," Lucille answered carelessly.

"My fancy then, if you like. I suppose nothing has ever happened since to throw a light upon that fancy of mine?"

"Nothing."

"You are quite sure that no stranger could obtain admission to those up-stairs rooms, or to any part of this house?"

"Quite sure."

"In that case we may rest assured that all is safe, and you need think no more of anything I have said."

He tried with every art he knew to soothe away the fears which his imprudent words had occasioned, but could not altogether succeed in tranquillising her, though he brought the Amati violin into requisition, and played some of his sweetest symphonies—melodies which, to quote Mrs. Wincher, "might have drawn tears out of a deal board."

Nothing he could say could dispel the cloud which he had raised; and he left Lucille full of trouble and self-reproach, beyond measure angry with himself for his folly.

CHAPTER II.

LUCIUS IS PUZZLED.

When Lucius made his early visit—now always the first duty of every day—to Cedar House on the following morning, he found that Lucille had already acted upon his advice. The dressing-room—a slip of a room communicating by double doors with Mr. Sivewright's spacious chamber—had been furnished in a rough-and-ready manner with a chair and table, an old cabinet, brought down from the loft, to hold cups and glasses, medicine bottles, and other oddments; a little row of saucepans, neatly arranged in a cupboard by the small fireplace; and a narrow little iron bedstead in a corner of the room.

"I shall sleep here at night," said Lucille, as Lucius surveyed her preparations, "and if I keep those two doors ajar, I can hear every sound in the next room."

"My darling, it will never do for you to be on the watch at night," he answered anxiously. "You will wear yourself out in a very short time. Anxiety by day and wakefulness by night will soon tell their tale."

"Let me have my own way, Lucius," she pleaded. "You say yourself that my grandfather wants no attendance at night. He told me only this morning that he sleeps pretty well, and rarely wakes till the morning. But it will

be a satisfaction to me if I feel that I am close at hand, ready to wake at his call. I am a very light sleeper."

"Was Mrs. Wincher angry at your taking the work out of her hands?"

"She seemed vexed, just at first; but I gave her a kiss, and talked her over. 'You'll fag yourself to death, Miss Lucille,' she said; 'but do as you please. I'll leave me free for my cleaning.' You know, Lucius, what a passion she has for muddling about with a pail and a scrubbing-brush, and turning out odd corners. The cleaning never seems to make any difference in the look of that huge kitchen; but if it pleases her one cannot complain. O, Lucius," she went on, in an anxious whisper, "I was awake all night thinking of your dreadful words. I trust in God you may find my grandfather better this morning."

"I trust so, dearest; but believe me, you attach far too much importance to my foolish words last night. If you can trust the Winchers there can be no possible ground for fear. What enemy could approach your grandfather?"

"Enemy!" repeated Lucille, as if struck by the word. "What enemies could he have—a poor harmless old man!"

Lucius went into Mr. Sivewright's room. He found his patient still suffering from that strange depression of spirits which had weighed him down lately; still complaining of the symptoms which had perplexed Lucius since his return from Stillington.

"There are strange noises in the house," said the old man querulously, when the usual questions had been asked and answered. "I heard them again last night—stealthy footsteps creeping along the passage—doors opening and shutting—all with a sound of secret guilty movement."

"All movement in a house has that stealthy sound in the small hours," said Lucius, sorely perplexed himself, yet anxious to reassure his patient. "Your housekeeper or her husband may have been up later than usual, and may have crept quietly up to bed."

"I tell you this was in the middle of the night," answered Mr. Sivewright impatiently. "The Winchers are as methodical in their habits as the old clock in the hall. I asked old Wincher this morning if he had been astir after midnight, and he told me he had not."

"The fact is, my dear sir, you are nervous," said Lucius in a soothing tone. "You lie awake and fancy sounds which have no existence, or at any rate do not exist within the house."

"I tell you this sound awoke me," replied the other still more impatiently. "I was sleeping tolerably when the sound of that hateful footstep startled me into perfect wakefulness. There was a nameless horror to my mind to that stealthy tread. It sounded like the step of an assassin."

"Come, Mr. Sivewright," said Lucius in that practical tone which does much to tranquillise a nervous patient, "if this is, as I firmly believe it to be, a mere delusion of your senses, it will be easiest dispelled by investigation. Let us face the unknown foe, and make a speedy end of him. Suffer me to keep watch to night in this room, unknown to all in the house except yourself; and I will answer for it the ghost shall be laid."

"No," answered Mr. Sivewright doggedly. "I am not so childish or so weak-minded as to ask another man to corroborate the evidence of my own senses. I tell you, Davoren, the thing is. If I believed in ghosts the matter would trouble me little enough. All the phantoms that were ever supposed to make night hideous might range these passages, and glide up and down yonder staircase at their pleasure. But I do not believe in the supernatural; and the sounds that I have heard are distinctly human."

"Let me hear them too."

"No, I tell you," answered the patient with smothered anger; "I will have no one to play the spy upon my slumber. If this is the delusion of an enfeebled brain, I have sense enough left to find out the falsehood for myself. Besides, the intruder, if there is one, cannot do me any harm. Yonder door is securely locked every night."

"Can you trust the lock?"

"Do you think I should have put a bad one to a room that contains such treasures? No, the lock is one I chose myself, and would baffle a practised burglar. There is the same kind of lock on yonder door, communicating with the dressing-room. I turn the key in both with my own hand every night after Wincher has left me. I am still strong enough to move about the room though I feel my strength lessening day by day. God pity me when I lie helpless on yonder bed, as I must do soon."

"Nay, my dear sir, let us hope for a favorable change ere long."

"I have almost left off hoping," answered the old man wearily. "All the drugs in your surgery will not cure me. I am tired of trying first this medicine and then that. For some time, indeed, I believed that you understood my case; that your medicines were of some good to me. Within the last three weeks they have seemed only to aggravate my disorder."

Lucius took up a medicine bottle from the little table by the bed half absently. It was empty.

"When did you take your last dose?" he asked.

"Half-an-hour ago."

"I will try to find you a new tonic; something that shall not produce the nausea you have complained of lately. I cannot understand how this mixture should have had such an effect; but it is just possible you may have

an antipathy to quinine. I will give you a medicine without any quinine."

Mr. Sivewright gave an impatient sigh, expressive of non-belief in the whole faculty of medicine.

"Do what you please with me," he said. "If you do not succeed in lengthening my life I suppose I may depend upon your not shortening it. And as you charge me nothing for your services, I have no right to complain if their value corresponds with the rate of your recompense."

"I am sorry to see you have lost confidence in me, sir," said Lucius, somewhat wounded, yet willing to forgive a sick man's petulance.

"I have not lost confidence in you individually. It is the whole science of medicine which I disbelieve in. Here am I, after four months' patient observance of your regimen, eating, drinking, sleeping, ay, almost thinking according to your advice, and yet I am no better at the end of it all, but feel myself growing daily worse. If all your endeavors to patch up a broken constitution have resulted only in failure, why do you not tell me so without farther parley. I told you at the beginning that I was stoic enough to receive my death-warrant without a pang."

"And I tell you again, as I told you then, that I have no sentence of death to pronounce. I confess that your symptoms during the last three weeks have somewhat puzzled me. If they continue to do so I shall ask your permission to consult a medical man of wider experience than my own."

"No," answered the old man captiously, "I will see no strangers. I will be experimentalized upon by no new hand. If you can't cure me, put me down as incurable. And now you had better go to your other patients; I have kept you later than usual. You will come back in the evening, I suppose?"

"Most certainly."

"Very well, then, devote your evening to me, for once in a way, instead of to Lucille. You will have plenty of her society by and by, when she is your wife. I want to talk seriously with you. The time has come when there must be no more concealment between you and me. There are secrets which a man may do wisely to keep through life, but which it is fatal to carry to the grave. Give me your hand, Lucius," he said, stretching out his wasted fingers to meet the strong grasp of the surgeon; "we have not known each other long, yet as much as I can trust anybody I trust you; as much as I can love anybody—since my son turned my milk of human kindness to gall—I love you. Come back to me this evening, and I will prove to you that this is no idle protestation."

The thin hand trembled in Lucius Davoren's grasp. There was more emotion in these words of Homer Sivewright's than Lucius had supposed the old man capable of feeling.

"Whatever service you may require of me, whatever trust you may confide in me," said the surgeon with warmth, "be assured that the service shall be faithfully performed, the trust held sacred." And thus they parted.

(To be continued.)

SAVED FROM DROWNING BY A STOVE PIPE

It was my lot once to reside in a country village some six miles from the city of ——. It was before the days of railroads, and we were accustomed to reach the place by the Providence coach, which passed through the village daily going to the city in the morning and returning in the evening, so as to make it very convenient for our villagers to go to the city and transact their business and return by the stage in the afternoon with their purchases.

Between the city and our village ran a small creek, in which the tide-water flowed. This was crossed by a bridge with a draw, the latter for the accommodation of the small craft which belonged to a town further up stream. Below the bridge was the steamboat landing for the adjacent city, and deep water.

At the time of my story it was late in October. A spell of frosty weather had reminded us that winter was coming on, and that our stoves must be set up, and our arrangements for warming the house put in order. So I was instructed by my spouse to procure the necessary pipe for our parlor stove, and be sure to have the joints perfectly tight, for the green wood sometimes distilled pyrologenous acid, which dripping through a leaky pipe spoiled our carpet. The necessary pipe included an elbow with one straight joint fitted to one end and two to the other. I am necessarily particular on this point, because, as the reader will perceive, on this same stove pipe the whole interest of my story turns.

As usual at this season of the year, the tinman was greatly pressed with business and my job was only completed at the last moment. Seizing my ironware and some other purchases, I hurried to the stage-office, just in time to find the coach all filled and only room for me on top. Here I seated myself with my purchases around me, and soon, for convenience sake, I began to arrange my commodities in the most compact manner. The stove-pipe I held bolt upright by my side, and some rolls of batting which I had procured for my wife for a winter comfortable, I stuffed into the shorter joint of the pipe for convenience sake. I had all my traps snugly arranged just as the stage reached the draw-bridge; but there misfortune overtook me.

A schooner had just passed through the draw, and by carelessness of the bridge tender, the gate was left a little ajar. The driver was making good time, was in excellent spirits (having met several friends in the city, of convivial habits), cracked his whip just as he struck the bridge, the team sprang forward, the wheels of the coach struck suddenly into the gap left between the two arms of the draw, came out with a bound, tilted the coach on one side for a moment, just long enough to slide me and the luggage on top off into the water, and passed on.

The driver was just drunk enough to see that by great luck he had escaped an upset, and too careless to see if any real damage was done. The passengers inside had the curtains down to keep the cold out, and saw nothing. As for myself, I was in the water on the lower side of the bridge, entirely beyond my depth, the tide running out like a mill-race, clinging for dear life to my stove-pipe, and shouting at the top of my voice to the stage driver to hold on and not leave me to drown. All in vain. The team was on a fast trot, and soon hurried the coach, driver and all, beyond the sound of my voice, and I was left alone in the water.

It was time to look about me and learn my present position. As I slipped from the stage I unconsciously clung to the stove-pipe by my side, and it went overboard into the water with me. Now, under ordinary circumstances a stove-pipe is not remarkably buoyant nor well adapted for a life-preserver, but by the merest accident I had fitted it most admirably for the latter purpose. The batting I had stuffed into the shorter joint not only rendered it buoyant, but impervious to the water. A happy thought struck me—I strided the pipe, sitting upon the shorter joint, and clamping my arms round the longer part, which passed a foot above my head. If the Humanitarian Society had set themselves to work to devise a life-preserver, they could not have done better. There was I riding the waves like a duck, buoyant as an albatross, no danger of drowning so long as I could keep myself upright, and my life-preserver clear of water. But on the other hand night was approaching, my limbs would soon be numbed with cold, and the tide was sweeping me down rapidly toward the Sound. I had not passed the steamboat, and as I neared her I shouted with all my might for help.

Happily for me my cry was heard. A cry of "man overboard" was raised, and as I drifted swiftly past the steamer I saw the heads of the crew peering over the guards at me, with looks of mingled alarm and astonishment. As soon as possible a boat was manned, but in such an emergency nothing worked quite right. The boat had to be launched from on deck, and this was a work of time. Finally the crew were all in their places and commenced pulling down the stream, but in the hurry of the moment one of the deck-lands, an unfortunate Irishman, had dropped into the boat, who knew no more about pulling an oar than he did about working a lunar, and his first mistake was to break his oar short off at the handle, and some more time was lost in getting another. So full a quarter of an hour was spent before my friends were really under way in pursuit of me. By this time the rapid drifting of the tide had carried me a full mile down the stream and night was closing in upon me.

I was out of sight and hearing. All that could be done was to pull as rapidly as possible down the channel and hope to overhaul me. As for me, my case was getting somewhat critical. Although still floating bravely, yet I was becoming numbed with the cold. A big wave would sometimes give me a lee lurch, just enough to warn me that if I was capsized, and the upper arm of my pipe filled with water, that it would be all over with me in more sense than one. Just now, too, I noticed that while the water had been about waist high, now and then a big wave would bathe my chin. I felt of the wadding in the lower joint, when, horror of horrors! it was being gradually forced into the pipe! Should the pressure drive it past the elbow, it would shoot out of the upright stem in a moment, and my buoyant life-preserver would become a useless mass.

But, happily, I was not left long to the thoughts this discovery suggested. The boat was now bearing down upon me rapidly, and the lookout in the bows caught sight of me, and gave a cheering shout, which I joyfully returned. The officers promptly gave orders as to how I should be picked up. As the boat neared me, at the word, every oar was to hold water, and as he steered the head of the boat toward me, the lookout was to seize me and drag me into the boat. But here again our unfortunate Irishman marred the whole proceeding. As he caught sight of the strange figure before him, looming up in the darkness, in an agony of terror, he exclaimed:

"Whist! howly mither, an' what is it? He rides the say like a mare-maid, and carries a shmoke-stack like a Sound steamer."

Dropping his oar at the same moment, he managed to foul all on his side at that very critical time, so that the boat instead of coming up to me head on, struck me broadside, and passed over me, and my life-preserver beside.

The shock of the encounter knocked the stove-pipe out of my arms, and it sunk to the bottom; and it, with all my wife's cotton batting, was lost forever. As for me, as I came to the surface on the other side of the boat, half a dozen hands were stretched out to haul me in. Luckily, Patrick with a stout grip caught me by the collar and lifted me into the boat, blubbering now with the heartiness of joy that he had rescued a human being, as he was just now in

his terror at the nondescript sea-monster he saw floating before him.

The rest of my story is soon told. The boat's crew pulled back to the steamer with a will. I was at once, on my arrival at the steamer, stripped of my wet garments, some hot blankets were thrown around me, and I threw myself around a pint of hot brandy and water. This artificial heat, applied outwardly and inwardly, soon revived me, and in an hour's time I was in a condition to be driven home.

THE GERMANS AT THEIR FOOD.

The German's theory of dinner is the maximum amount of food for the minimum amount of cost. The average German's feeling with respect to nourishment was admirably illustrated some time ago by a drawing of a Bavarian bourgeois at table, who, the "Mittagsessen" being at an end, is asked by his host whether he has dined well. He lays his hand upon his diaphragm, and replies, "No, not well; for it does not hurt me yet." Beef is served to you at the leading German restaurants in chunks, veal in blocks, mutton in lumps. Fowls are split and quartered apparently with a hatchet, before they are brought to table. The accessories of the board are of the rudest, most primeval description. You may count on the fingers of both hands the hotels and dining-rooms of Berlin and Vienna in which salt-spoons are provided. I have positively never seen a fish-knife in any restaurant in Germany. Such an implement would be regarded by the majority of Germans, even belonging to the higher classes, with as much surprise as a battle axe or a bootjack ranged by the side of the ordinary "couvert." I was dining last year at the house of a great English official personage, the service of whose table was in every respect admirable. Amongst the guests were a Serene Highness, a Court Marshal, and the chief aide-de-camp of a Royal Prince, who had just returned from the grand tour. This gentleman, whose breast was covered with the complimentary decorations bestowed upon him during his pilgrimage from Court to Court, sat opposite me; and I noticed that, shortly after he sat down to table, he took up his fishknife and regarded it with an inquiring gaze. Presently he was served with turbot, which he proceeded to eat with his steel knife, leaving the silver implement in its place by his plate. When ice-pudding was handed round an hour later a sort of "Eureka!" look illuminated his manly visage; he grasped the fish-knife, and with it complacently conveyed the "nesselrode" to his mouth. Christopher Columbus, when he cracked the egg, could not have been more thoroughly penetrated with the conviction that he was equal to the occasion than was evidently Count von W. Finger-glasses have been largely introduced into German society of late years; only Germans wash out their mouths with the contents of their "bowl," instead of rinsing their fingers therein. Of all the strange performances that astonish an Englishman on the first occasion of his presence at a German meal, this, and the humorous practice of combing one's hair at table with a small tooth comb—which I have seen gracefully executed by hundreds of gentlemen holding high social rank—are perhaps the most startling.

FAT WIVES.

The people in portions of Africa have curious customs and superstitions. Among the former may be mentioned the fashion of having fat wives. Being introduced to a great Chief's wife, Speke thus describes her:—"I was struck with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one. She could not rise, and so fat were her arms that the flesh between the joints hung down like large, loose, stuffed puddings."

The Chief, pointing to his wife, said:—"This is the product of our milk-pots; from early youth upward we keep these milk-pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at the Court to have extremely fat wives."

A sister-in-law of the King was a perfect wonder of hypertrophy. She was unable to stand except on all-fours. Speke unblushingly requested permission to measure her. This is the result:

"Round the arm, twenty-three inches; chest, fifty-two inches; thigh, thirty-one inches; calf, twenty inches; height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have laid her on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for her blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter had sat before us sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding the rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary."

Miss E. S. PHELPS refers, in print, to Miss Smiley, the Quaker preacher, as "a woman who has a voice as sweet as a robin's, a face as serene as a Madonna's, a courage as resolute as an apostle's, and her purpose as fixed as a Quaker's, and who wears her bonnet into the pulpit besides."

THE DEAD ROSE.

'Twas morning; through the eastern pane,
Bloodshot with sunrise, came the sound
Of intermingling wind and rain,
From coign and buttress heaped around;
I stood once more on holy ground:
From floor to roof, from jamb to groin,
The wine-dark volumes round me rose;
This was her cloister in the years
Men mourn with heartaches, not with tears,
And agonies of unreprieve.

The square, trim garden flashed outside,
The hollyhocks against the sun;
The terrace, chestnut arched and wide,
With quickening shadows overrun.
Midway, a triton stooped, and spun
From his cold shell a film of gold—
A pulsing, palpitating spray—
And here my lady loved to be,
Close by her friend, the damson tree,
When rosiest with the sinking day.

Sighing, I turned, and towards me drew
A volume from the littered heap;
Her eyes had searched it through and through,
And two white leaves were sealed to keep
A thought for one across the deep—
A dead rose skeletoned in dust
Which I had pulled twelve years ago!
And this, through all the tides of change—
This my lady's worst revenge—
Her last kiss for the latest blow.

The air shook the mezeon,
And made a glamor down the hall;
One mildewed banner swayed alone,
The rest hung huddled to the wall;
I trembled, and remembered all;
The fountain leaped, the terrace gleamed,
And she was white, and I was wroth;
Three words—reproaches—and I went,
Yet felt in my worst discontent
That white face shining down my path.

O slander, cherished till too late!
O sweet life, darkened in its prime!
O living impotence of hate,
Which scorns results of tide and clime,
And waxes with increasing time!
Yet she was wronged, my lady—wronged;
I will not curse them—let them be,
For this poor relic's darling sake:
The ill they wrought, let God unmake,
And may His pity guardian me.

Good-bye! The flower was at my heart,
The Tudor casements sank behind;
On wings voluminous and swart,
A cloud came rushing up the wind,
And made the waves and beaches blind.
The lightning lit the hissing surf—
One wrack of fire a moment still—
O flash and fade and flash in vain,
There was a lightning in my brain.
There was a grave below the hill.

LOVE AND KIND WORDS.

Mrs. Ray sat under the chandelier, perusing the contents of the evening paper; but evidently her mind was elsewhere, for ever and anon her eyes wandered over to the opposite side of the room, where her daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, was warming her feet over the fender. She was dressed for a party, any one could see at a glance.

"So you are going?" said Mrs. Ray.
"Yes, mother," replied Carrie.
"With whom for a *chaperone*?" queried Mrs. Ray, rather impatiently.

"That is my business," was the reply, with an independent toss of the head.
"I wish your father would come home! Then we would see whose business it was."

Carrie smiled rather contemptuously, but returned no reply, and soon afterward left the room.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Ray. "That child will have her own way! I have talked and talked, and scolded and threatened, but it has all done no good."

"Have you ever tried love and kind words, Lena?" asked Miss Marcia Lane, her maiden sister.

Mrs. Ray was apparently too busy, just then, to heed her questions; but her sister knew she heard, and therefore did not repeat it. At length, looking up from her paper, she said:

"Carrie entered the room at this moment, and she did not finish the sentence.

"Caroline," she said, after a lapse of several moments, "Cousin Ben sent me his photograph, and Minnie's also, to-day; have you seen them?"

"No," replied Carrie; "I have not."

"I have them here," said Mrs. Ray, laying the pictures on the table.

Carrie came and knelt on an ottoman at her mother's feet, to examine them. Mrs. Ray caressed the abundant, waving hair of her child, then said:

"If my daughter thought her mother loved her, and wished to keep her from all impending harm and evil, and her anxiety—"

"Oh, mamma, I know what you are going to say!" interrupted Carrie, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, while she sobbed out, "I have been so bad—such a naughty girl! Can you forgive me?"

The tears fell fast from Mrs. Ray's eyes, and

glistened among the raven tresses of her darling child.

"We have both erred," she murmured, "and we will both try to do better in the future. You will remain at home to-night, will you not?"

"Yes, mamma."

At this moment a footman entered the room, bearing a silver salver, on which rested a letter. Carrie took it, saying:

"It is for you, auntie."

Miss Lane opened and perused it.

"It is from brother Clyde," she said. "He and little Bertie are both well; but he says he shall give up housekeeping; for, since Lucy died, the house is very uncomfortably kept, and Bertie is left so much with the servants that he is in danger of being spoiled. What to do with him he knows not; for, the moment he tries to correct him, he begins to cry and fret for his poor mother. He wishes me to take charge of Bertie. Are you willing he should come here, Lena?"

"Certainly, Marcia; I should delight in having the poor little motherless fellow with us, and I know you can successfully govern him with love and kind words. My dear sister, you have taught me a lesson."

Ere a week had passed away, Mr. Charles Lane brought Bertie to Mr. Ray's house; and when business called him away, he left his child with a satisfied feeling that he would be cared for, and governed aright.

"Auntie," said Bertie, "won't you buy me some sugar-candy, if you go out presently?"

"What little boy did I buy some sugar-candy for yesterday?" asked Miss Lane.

"Oh, for me; but I want some more to-day."

"I don't think it good for little boys to eat sugar-candy every day."

"Then shan't you get me any?"

"No, Bertie, not to-day."

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Bertie. "I want some sugar-candy! I want some sugar-candy, I say! Shant' you get me any?"

"No, dear."

Throwing himself on the carpet, he cried lustily, kicking with all his might; but his aunt seemingly paid no attention to him.

"Don't I make your head ache?" he asked, after the lapse of a minute.

"Oh, no," she replied.

He then resumed his screaming, and commenced knocking his head violently against the wall; but, seeing his aunt did not heed this last act any more than the first, he soon stopped, saying:

"But I make my head ache dreadful; won't you hold me a little while?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, taking the child into her lap. "Where does your little head ache?"

"There," he said, putting his chubby hand to his forehead.

Miss Lane pushed his clustering curls from his high, fair brow, and imprinted a kiss thereon.

"I am so sorry I was naughty," he said, putting his little arm around her neck. "I'll be good now; ain't I a good boy now, auntie?"

"Yes, darling."

Soon the little form grew heavier, and Miss Lane said, "He is asleep," and laid him down tenderly.

"I never knew before the full power of love and kind words," murmured Mrs. Ray.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

Some time since, a beautiful young girl made her first appearance on the stage of one of the minor theatres in Paris. Her grace and loveliness attracted admiration, which her rising talent promised to secure. She concluded a long engagement with the manager, giving her services for a very moderate remuneration, but which sufficed for her wants and those of an invalid mother, who was totally dependent on her exertions. According to the usual custom, a clause in the contract stipulated that a forfeit should be paid in case of its non-fulfilment by either party.

Theatrical managers never fail to insert this article in the treaties signed by their actors; and it often happens that a very small salary is accompanied by an immense forfeit. In this case it was fixed at ten thousand francs; but the young actress attached no importance to the amount, being fully resolved to fulfill her engagement, and steadily apply to the cultivation of her powers. She felt how much depended on her success, and on she walked in the right path, refusing to be turned from it by the flattering vows and insidious homage which she daily received. But in our uncertain world the good and the prudent may sometimes change their plans as suddenly as the foolish and the fickle.

One day the young actress entered the manager's room, and announced to him that she wished to leave the theatre.

"How!" cried he; "you are the last person from whom I should have expected such caprice."

"Indeed, sir, it is not caprice."

"Is it, then, the offer of another engagement?"

"It is, sir, and one which I cannot refuse; it is from an excellent young man, who wishes to marry me."

"Here's a pretty business; a marriage in question!"

"My happiness for life, sir, I feel, is in question."

"Then don't hesitate an instant; marry at once."

"But the person who has proposed for me would not wish his wife to continue on the stage."

"A fine prejudice forsooth! What is his situation in life?"

"He is at present a merchant's clerk, but he intends to set up in business, and he will want me to attend our shop."

"My dear child, I shall want you also to study your part in a new afterpiece which I have just received."

"Then, sir, you refuse to set me free?"

"I must think about it. At all events, you have it in your power to break the engagement by paying the forfeit."

"Ten thousand francs; 'tis very dear."

"It was very dear when you signed your name, but now your services are worth more than that."

"Alas, it will prevent our marriage!" said the poor girl in a voice choked with tears; and with a despairing heart she left the room.

Two days afterward the manager was seated close to the grate in his apartment, trying with all his skill to kindle a fire. All the theatrical attendants were engaged at rehearsal, so he was obliged to dispense with assistance.

The cashier entered with a visage woefully elongated. The affairs of the theatre were in a critical state; the receipts had diminished; and pay-day at the end of the month approached with a menacing aspect.

"Yes," said the manager, "our situation certainly is embarrassing. And this playgy fire that won't light! I must call the *souffleur* to help me."

Astonished that he could jest under these circumstances, the cashier retired. As he was leaving the room, the young actress entered.

"Ah, is it you?" said the manager. "You are coming from rehearsal?"

"No, sir, I have come to return the part you gave me to study."

"So it seems you still think of quitting the stage?"

"I have brought you the forfeit."

"The ten thousand francs?"

"Here they are."

"And how have you procured this sum?"

"My intended husband gave it me."

"Is he then so rich?"

"These ten thousand francs are nearly all he possessed. But he said, 'What does it signify? we shall only have to defer setting up in business; or perhaps I may succeed in borrowing some money.'"

"Going in debt! That's a fine prospect for young housekeepers! So, the dowry you mean to bring your husband is want and ruin; you take from him the hard-earned fruit of his industry, and you oblige him to renounce the prospect of honorable independence."

"Pray, sir—pray don't speak so cruelly!" sobbed the young girl.

"Have you considered that such a union cannot fail to be unhappy? Listen to reason—take back this money, and return it to him who gave it to you. And if you're absolutely resolved to leave the theatre, I'll show you a simple way of doing it, that won't cost you anything. Take this paper and have the kindness to put it in the grate."

So saying, he handed her a sheet of paper carefully folded, which she threw among the smouldering sticks.

The manager watched it as the languid flame gradually curled round it, and then shot up in a bright blaze.

"Do you know," said he, "what that paper was? It is your signed engagement. And now I have no longer any claim on your services, and consequently can demand no forfeit. Go, my child, marry; employ your little capital well, and be happy."

Deeply affected by this generous deed, the young actress expressed her gratitude as fervently as her tears permitted.

"Don't talk to me of gratitude," replied the manager, "we are only quits. See, for the last hour I have been blowing in vain at that obstinate fire; you threw your engagement into it, and directly it blazed up. Thanks to me, you are free; and thanks to you, I am giving my hands a good warming!"

KENTISH HOPPERS.

When inspecting the Medway, piloted by my friend Mr. Burrell, of Maidstone, I found myself in a country strangely contrasting with Cumberland and Westmoreland, which I had visited the previous week.

The Medway runs at the bottom of a valley, the sides of which are nearly all vast fields or gardens of hops. Most of the hops have been already gathered in, and the poles are lying about on the ground, while the hop-bines are piled in heaps all around. When these hop-gardens were intact, the valley of the Medway must have been exceedingly beautiful, and if I mistake not, Kent has been called, appropriately, the "Garden of England." In order to pick the hops off the bines, a large number of hands are required. These hands come from the neighborhood, and a great many from the poorest and most densely-populated slums of London. I am told that agents go up to London to engage the hands, and bring them down in thousands by special trains, which generally travel on a Sunday. On Wednesday last the whole county, from Maidstone up to Yalding Weir, was alive with "hoppers," and their day's work being over I had an opportunity of studying in the in-

tervals of my inspection work, this curious class of our fellow-subjects. They consist nearly all of women and children, very few men. They all seem extremely poor, and are more like scarecrows in their attire than even the poorest of the natives of the lowest London alleys. Though poor and badly-clothed, they seem abnormally healthy. The ragged children present faces bronzed like a mahogany dining-table, are as active as cats, strong as little ponies, and as bright-eyed as hawks when examining Farleigh Weir. The late Bishop of Winchester began his clerical career at Farleigh. A lot of hoppers came down to make their toilets at the river-side. Turning round the corner of a mill, I came upon a strapping, middle-aged, live Irish woman, sitting on a tree. A little child about two years old was kneeling in front of her, and the woman was diligently hunting for live stock in her head, the only instrument of sport being a small tooth-comb. Apparently, the game was plentiful, for the comb pointed at coveys or single birds very frequently, and the woman obtained many flying or running shots, to judge from the active movements of her fingers, and the frequent, barely audible snap that followed each successful find. I admired this woman, for her occupation seemed to amuse her, and it was evidently pleasure to the child. Two other children were running about, with their hair beautifully oiled and combed out. The group would look well in water-colors at the next exhibition of the Royal Academy, the central figure being carefully executed. Farleigh Loch, almost impassable to salmon, was full to the brim. Two young lady hop-pickers, evidently Irish, were using the still water in the loch as a looking-glass, after they had used it as a hand-basin. They were admiring themselves in the reflection of the water in the loch, and I was admiring them from the bank. They were sturdy, big-limbed girls, evidently brought up to very hard labor, as brown as berries, and in the height of health. Moreover, there was a certain amount of feminine grace and comeliness about them as they rose from their out-of-door dressing-room.

The hoppers live in little tents, which are pitched in encampments here and there about the hop-gardens; and very pretty these white tents look, glistening in the sun. The cooking-house is away from the tents. Passing along the road I saw, about every half-mile or so, habitations erected for the hoppers. Hovel is too grand a word for some of these places; a fat-pig sty, or a fox's earth in sand among the roots of a tree would be palaces compared to these dens, many of which seemed to have been built after the fashion of the Israelites in Egypt, when Pharaoh would allow them no straw. No doubt, however, these mud huts are very warm these chill September nights, and these poor people do not get much carbon in the form of food to be lost in the process of respiration. Laborers, Esquimaux, etc., always sleep in dark confined spaces, and this is good physiology; besides which a certain amount of dirt on the skin acts as a varnish to keep the heat in and the cold out, and this is, we believe, the reason why a pig rolls himself in the mud so as to get a coat without having to pay a tailor's bill for it. But, seriously, I think that this state of things should not be allowed to continue. Hop proprietors should be compelled by Act of Parliament to erect proper barracks for the laborers they employ, and these barracks should be under Government inspection and regulation. These heaps of dirty, ragged people are almost an invitation to epidemic diseases, and I was shown a village church where there is a monument to a great number of hoppers who died in a cholera year. In fine dry weather, like the present, the hoppers get on very well, but when the weather is cold and wet I understand they suffer terribly. I am told they live fairly well, buying meat and grocery in the village shops, but it would pay well to establish a travelling commissariat.

TIME OF FAST HORSES.

Sportsmen will be interested in the following carefully prepared table of horses that have beaten 2.27. It was prepared by the Secretary of the Hampden, Mass., Park Association, and embraces several horses, marked with an asterisk, now off the turf:

Goldsmith Maid.....2.16	Clara G.....2.25
American Girl.....2.17	Susie.....2.25
*Dexter.....2.17	Com. Vanderbilt.....2.25
Lucy.....2.18	Pilot Temple.....2.25
*Lady Thorne.....2.18	Joe.....2.25
George Palmer.....2.19	Crown Prince.....2.25
*Mora Temple.....2.19	Fannie Allen.....2.25
Henry.....2.20	C. K. Lowe.....2.25
*Mountain Boy.....2.20	*Ethan Allen.....2.25
Gazelle.....2.21	Nonesuch.....2.25
Jay Gould.....2.21	Thos. Jefferson.....2.25
Comors.....2.21	Byron.....2.25
Judge Fullerton.....2.21	J. J. Bradley.....2.25
*George Wilkes.....2.22	Colonel Russell.....2.25
Lady Maid.....2.22	Mohawk, Jr.....2.25
Rosalind.....2.22	Derby.....2.25
Huntress.....2.22	Harry Harley.....2.25
Jennie.....2.22	Charley Green.....2.25
Flora Belle.....2.22	Ben Flager.....2.25
Kilburn Jim.....2.23	Ben Cummings.....2.25
Wm. H. Allen.....2.23	Grace Bertram.....2.25
Hotspur.....2.23	Surprise.....2.25
Sensation.....2.23	Morrissey.....2.25
Jim Irving.....2.23	Matt Smith.....2.25
Billy Barr.....2.23	Bay Whalebone.....2.25
Major Allen.....2.24	Grand Duchess.....2.25
Red Cloud.....2.24	Lydia Thompson.....2.25
Beppo.....2.24	Sea Foam.....2.25
Chicago.....2.24	Queen of the West.....2.25
Draco Prince.....2.24	Lucille.....2.25
Lady Blanchard.....2.24	Honest Dutchman.....2.25
Lulu.....2.24	H. W. Genet.....2.25
Sleepy John.....2.24	Royal John.....2.25
Myron Perry.....2.24	Pocahontas.....2.25
*Toronto Chief.....2.24	

The Ladies' Page.

AN HOUR WITH A SNAKE-CHARMER.

During a ride through the station in India in which I was quartered (says an ex-India officer), I gave out, and turned aside to claim hospitality from an old friend. He answered my call with a "Come in, old boy!" and I made my way into his darkened bedroom. As I did so two peculiarly bright, glittering objects in a corner caught my eye, and as I advanced a loud hiss dispensed with further investigation. I started back, and my friend, roused from his siesta and half somnolent, sybarite ease, joined in my cries:—"A snake!—a snake! Bring a gun!"

But once out of the room, and out of danger, with the door well closed, we held a consultation, and resolved to send for a native snake charmer. He came, a tall muscular native, a strip of cloth around his waist, his hair long and matted, except a tonsured crown which his turban covered. His implements were two baskets and a strange musical instrument, made of a gourd, with two bamboo pipes from the lower end and one from the upper, the former pierced with holes like a flute. We examined him to see that there was no deception.

Going to the hole through which the snake had now vanished, he lay down, and calling out, "Purra sap, sahib, bahut burra" (Big snake your honor, very big), widened the hole till he could see the tail, which he seized, and drew out a fine, shiny, black, wriggling specimen of a cobra, about five feet long. Handling the creature without the slightest apparent concern, he took it out into the yard and let it go. The brute wriggled toward him, and, when within a foot or so, reared up, spread out its enormous hood, and prepared to strike; but the charmer took up his musical instrument and began to produce low, soft, but harmonious notes. The snake seemed astonished, his hood collapsed, and his head and body began to sway to harmony with the music. As he played louder the snake got excited, till its movements completely exhausted it.

Again the charmer seized it firmly by the throat. By pressing the neck he forced open the mouth, showing its fangs, poison-bags, and apparatus complete, proving that it was not a tamed or disvenomed reptile.

A fowl was introduced, and the snake let loose. It sprang upon the fowl at once, and seized it by the neck, then let it go. The fowl became drowsy, the head fell forward to the ground. After ten seconds of convulsive throbs, it lay still. Fifteen seconds more, and it made a start, and sank back dead.

Convinced of its deadly power, I wished it killed, but the charmer would not permit this, declaring that if it was killed he would be bitten by the next snake. However, we insisted on his making it harmless. He cut a piece of wood about an inch square and held it before the reptile, which pounced upon it as it did on the fowl. With a dexterous twist the charmer extracted the fangs by the roots, and gave them to me still sticking in the wood.

Another fowl was brought in and attacked, but it walked off unhurt. The charmer wished to take the snake and tame it, and putting it in his basket, and accepting his reward of two rupees (about a dollar), he walked off after bestowing upon us extravagant Eastern expressions of gratitude.

MOORISH WOMEN.

The condition of women in Morocco is most pitiable. They are all slaves, and the lot of those who are so, avowedly and technically, is much less miserably dull, monotonous, and degraded than that of the ladies who are supposed to repose on satin divans, sip sherbet, eat dainty devices in sugar, and string pearls in the harem, in which their occupations are in reality much more prosaic, and their surroundings much less splendid. The wedding festivities are exceedingly barbarous, the unhappy bride being carried to her husband's house in a box, on a mule's back, with a little boy also shut up with her in durance, as a happy prognostic of the future. A box of sweetmeats is also placed in the box to while away the time and console the boy. A horrible noise, howling, drumming, firing, is kept up the whole way; and the female relations of the bridegroom, who does not appear at all, receive her on the threshold with appalling shrieks of Ah—yee! Ah—yee! The box is carried in, the door is shut, the friends disperse, but the musicians remain, and the horrible din goes on for hours. No religious ceremony takes place, and the fattening of the bride is the only preparation on her part for holy matrimony. "For this purpose," says a spectator, "from the time of her betrothal she is confined to one room, not permitted to take any exercise, and compelled to swallow large quantities of kesksu every day. This system, steadfastly pursued for a few weeks, brings her into a condition of what is considered in Morocco becoming obesity. I have heard of an intended bride so fat that she was unable to pick up her pocket-handkerchief when she dropped it, and who could with difficulty move across the room without assistance."

A Moorish bride must, we think, be rather a curious spectacle, according to the following description of a merely ordinary specimen; "No-

thing of her shape or figure was visible through the enormous mass of clothes in which she was enveloped. She had certainly several pounds weight of jewelry hanging on her shoulders and chest. Her wrists were encumbered with massive manacles of gold and silver, while every one of her fingers was covered with rings up to the first knuckle. Her face was painted thickly white all over, and her cheeks then coarsely daubed with vermilion. The lids of her eyes and her eyebrows were blackened, the latter being thus brought to meet above her nose. But the most ridiculous and repulsive part of the 'get up' were two triangular patches about the size of half-crown pieces upon the lower part of her cheeks, ingeniously painted in a pattern of various colors. She had a star of the same on the forehead, between her eyes, and another on her chin. When her eyes were open, and we could see them, they were as vacant and expressionless as the orbs of a wax figure."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil one quart of milk, stir in one pint of Indian meal, two cups of molasses, or one of sugar and one of molasses. Peel and chop into small pieces one dozen medium-sized sweet apples, two tablespoonfuls of well-cleaned and picked suet chopped fine, and bake with a steady heat three hours.

TO COOK KIPPERED SALMON FOR BREAKFAST.—Have ready a well-heated gridiron—the bars of which should be greased—and a nice clear fire; cut the salmon into narrow bars, of convenient size, wrap them in buttered writing-paper, and broil five minutes, turning them once or twice. Serve on a very hot dish, laying the pieces across each other.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Beard and rinse the oysters in their own liquor, which should then be strained and thickened with flour and butter, and placed with the oysters in a saucepan; add mace, lemon peel cut into threads, and some white pepper, whole. These ingredients must be confined in a piece of muslin. The stew must simmer only. Serve with sippets of bread.

VEGETABLE-MARROW.—If our readers will try a baked vegetable marrow, it will be an agreeable change from plain boiling. Take out all the seeds with a large apple scoop (or a bone knitting mesh will do as well), then fill up the cavity with finely-chopped meat, or cold fowl or game, or sausage well seasoned and mixed with one egg; bake in a pie dish in a moderate oven, and serve with good gravy.

BREAST OF MUTTON.—Cut off the superfluous fat, and roast the meat with stewed cucumbers; or to eat cold, covered with chopped parsley. Or half boil and then grill it before the fire; in which case cover it with crumbs and herbs, and serve with caper-sauce. Or if boned, take off a good deal of the fat, and cover it with bread, herbs, and seasoning; then roll and boil and serve with chopped walnuts, or capers and butter.

GIBLET SOUP.—Scald and clean three or four sets of goose or duck giblets; stew them with a pound of gravy-beef, and the bone of a knuckle of veal and oxtail, or some shanks of mutton, three onions, sweet herbs, a teaspoonful of whole white pepper, and a tablespoonful of salt. Put five pints of water, and simmer till the giblets are tender; skim it, and thicken; boil a few minutes, and serve with the giblets. Sherry or Madeira, two glasses, and cayenne pepper may be added.

PRESERVING ONIONS.—Onions and shallots are easily preserved by first allowing them to dry thoroughly in the sun after lifting from the ground, and then storing them in a dry and airy shed. They may be hung in nets to the rafters of the living-room as in old-fashioned farm-houses, but there may be objections or difficulties in obtaining a position of his kind. Still they will keep well enough, thoroughly ripened in the sun, and then stored in a dry place, with a free circulation of air.

CUCUMBER SAUCE.—Three dozen full-grown, but not ripe cucumbers—four white onions. Peel and slice, sprinkle on a large teacupful and a half of fine salt, rub in a hair sieve or colander, and drain over night. Then add one teacup of mustard seed, one half teacup of ground pepper. Mix well together; put into a jar; cover, and keep covered, with strong cold vinegar. Stir occasionally, and it will keep for years, unless "too good to keep." This sauce is well liked by those who have poor teeth.

TO MULL WINE.—Boil in a wineglassful and a half of water a quarter of an ounce of spice, cinnamon, ginger, and cloves, with three ounces of fine sugar, till they form a thick syrup. Pour in a pint of port wine, and stir it gently until it is on the point of boiling, but do not let it boil, and then serve. A little orange peel cut very thin gives this beverage the flavor of bishop. In France, claret takes the place of port. Sherry or very fine raisin of ginger wine prepared as above, and stirred hot to the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, will be very good. This is an excellent French recipe.

TO CLEAN PRESERVE JARS.—Sweetmeat jars or bottles may be cleaned without scraping them, by pouring in the jars hot water and a teaspoonful or two of pearlash. The contents which remain sticking to the sides and bottom of the jar will be disengaged by the pearlash, and float loose in the water. Wash kettles the same way, or other vessels which you wish to purify or clear from grease. Strong lye poured

off clear from good hickory ashes will answer nearly as well for the same purpose and for kegs, buckets, and other large cooking utensils, lye from good ashes may always be used.

APPLE SOUFFLE.—Always stew the apples nicely, then adding a little grated lemon peel and juice, and omitting butter, line the sides and bottom of a baking-dish with them. Make a boiled custard with one pint of milk and two eggs, flavoring it with lemon and sweetening it to taste. Let it cool, and then pour into the centre of the dish. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth (they can be left out of the custard), spread them over the top; sprinkle white sugar over them, and brown in the oven. The stewed apples should be about half an inch thick on the bottom and sides of the pudding-dish.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—If you have been picking or handling any acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clean water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist, strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stains will disappear. If you have stained your muslin or gingham dress, or your white pants with berries, before wetting them with anything else, pour boiling water through the stains, and they will disappear. Before fruit-juice dries, it can often be removed by cold water, using a sponge and towel if necessary. Rubbing the fingers with the inside of the parings of apples will remove most of the stain caused by paring. Ink, also, if washed out or sopped up from the carpet with cold water immediately after it is spilled, can be almost entirely removed. Ink spots on floors can be extracted by scouring with sand, wetted in oil of vitriol and water. When the ink is removed, rinse with strong pearlash water.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—A beefsteak is always best broiled; but the following method is recommended by a lady writer, when broiling is not convenient: "The frying pan being wiped dry, place it upon the stove to become hot. In the meantime prepare the steak, if it chance to be a sirloin, so much the better—pepper and salt it, and then lay it on the hot, dry pan; and instantly cover as tightly as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak; but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and if you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong coffee. This makes the most delicious, delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining all the healthy, beefy flavor that any John Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton chops or ham, only they require more cooking to prevent them from being rare. An excellent gravy may be made by adding a little cream, thickened by a pinch of flour, into which, when off the fire and partially cool, stir the yolk of an egg well beaten.

TAKING AND GIVING OFFENCE.

Half the people in the world have had friends whom now they know no more, yet with whom they never have had any absolute quarrel.

"There seemed to be some coldness, and we left off seeing each other," is the excuse; and no more is known, at least on one side. A candid talk might re-adjust everything; but there is no such talk, and each goes his way with a thorn in his breast—a miserable state of things enough, but a very common one. Ten to one a falsehood is at the bottom of it; perhaps only a look misinterpreted; perhaps nothing. We all wish that one who is offended with us would candidly state the reason. To clasp a hand in honest friendship one day, and on the next receive a distant bow and a glance of mysterious reproach, is very hard, and often very cruel.

One cannot walk up to the offended individual and say, unasked, "I haven't said anything against you. I haven't called you any names, or expressed any evil intentions towards you." It would be placing one's self in the position of the little boy of whom we heard, who, having plucked the flowers from his grandmother's carnation pink, had resolved to assert his innocence, and exposed himself by volunteering the declaration, "Gamma, I didn't teal oo pink," before any one but himself knew of the robbery. Your friend would be confirmed in his suspicion by your words.

As for ostensible causes for offence, there are plenty of them. Quoting Shakspeare seems an innocent thing enough; but mortal offence was once given by the line

"Shake not thy gory locks at me."

uttered by an individual who had forgotten that the person to whom she spoke had red hair. Jones, forgetting to introduce Smith to Brown, makes two undying enemies, each believing the other a distinguished personage, to whom Jones was ashamed to present an ordinary personage like himself. Bashful girls offend their lovers by trying to conceal the fact that their hearts are touched, and bashful men offend the women they love, out of pure stupidity and terror of them. Old Goldbag's nephew is disinherited because he cannot laugh at his uncle's jokes; and married pairs have parted because of quarrels that had their origin in the color of a glove or the flavor of pudding. On the whole, we are very lucky if we do not go through the world dropping our friends behind us to mark the way as Hop-o-my-Thumb dropped his bread-crumbs on his way to the ogre's mansion.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Polonaises, which will continue to be much worn, are this month made of velveteen—black or colored—serge, or Pekin—a mixture of wool and silk—as well as of black silk, those for out-of-door wear being always of black or dark shades of color. There is not much variety in the make; but lace, fringe, and rich passementerie, or, on the woollen materials, braid, will be profusely employed for trimmings. The gilets "Louis XV.," the same color as the skirt, either in silk or velvet, become more and more fashionable; also the sleeveless jackets. Almost any material may be used for these—velvet, satin, taffetas, faye, or cachemire, only it would be very bad taste to make them of anything spotted or flowered; it must be plain, whatever it may be, and black is preferable, as it suits all skirts; but blue, green, and grenat are all admissible, provided they are of a deep shade, and if for out-of-door wear they must be only worn by quite young ladies. The bias folds in different shades of the same color form a very useful trimming for dresses of serge or other woollen materials which are too heavy to bear more than one flounce, and are much relieved by the addition of the shaded tucks. Serge and mohair dresses richly braided will be well worn with polonaises of the same, open in front, caught up at the sides by a plaque of rich passementerie, and cut in two or three deep points at the back; the bodies made with basques, open in front, with a waistcoat to match the darkest or lightest shade of the bias folds. This dress, which is most useful for in or out-of-doors costume, is at the same time really elegant and becoming. There is not much change or novelty in dinner or evening dress to notice this month. Polonaises of black or colored grenadines over dresses of poul de sole, reseda, mauve, peacock blue, or pale pink, are the favorite colors of the season.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS A MILLIONAIRE

On Aug. 30 1852, there died a gentleman, aged seventy-two, of the name of John Camden Neild. He was the son of a Mr. James Neild, who acquired a large fortune as a gold and silver smith, and as he was very mean and miserly in his habits, the property increased largely while in his possession. A few days before his death he told one of his executors that he had made a most singular will, but that he had a right to do what he liked with his own. When the document was opened it was found that, with the exception a few small legacies, he had left all "to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begging her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same, for her sole use and benefit, and that of her heirs." Probably vanity dictated this bequest. To a poor old housekeeper, who had served him twenty-six years, he had left nothing; to each of his executors, £100. But the Queen made a handsome provision for the former, and presented £1,000 to each of the latter; and she further raised a memorial as a tribute to the miser's memory. The property bequeathed to her amounted to upward of £500,000; so that, supposing her Majesty to have spent every penny of her public and duchy of Lancashire incomes, and to have only laid by this legacy and the interest on it, she would from this source alone now be worth at least £1,000,000.

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.

Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of the other and the opinions of t'other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And, if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

THE HOME OF TASTE.

How easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most grateful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by those imitations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outvying the Oriental in brilliancy and beauty.

NELLY.

In May, when meads were studded with fair flowers,

Our baby came:
God's gift, an angel sent to cheer the hours;
Nelly her name.
Hearts throbbed to greet the little stranger's birth;

All nature wore
A brighter aspect; and seemed round our hearth
A richer store.

Winter! his fingers held in icy grip
The wee white hand;
His chilly breath passed o'er the rosy lip,
And the firm band
That knit three loving souls together snapped.
'Tis mine to tell
The blow Death dealt when in his robe he
wrapped
Our darling Nell.

UNDER THE BAN.

I shut my eyes—am I dreaming? I open them again. Oh, no, it is a bright reality. The close-cut grass stretching out from my window down to the overgrown plantations is the same across which my ancestors tripped in their high-heeled shoes before the red tide of the revolution swept them away. The old stone fountain, with its broken Triton and mouldering dolphin, then threw its silver spray far into the sunny air; now a few drops trickle among the mosses that fringe its edge.

Have you ever lived where there was not something that reminded you of the dead? This is the chair in which they were sitting long years before I was born. Yonder is the couch where they were lying when death opened for them the door of life. Their eyes saw what I am seeing; their ears heard the song of the birds as I hear them now. The blue periwinkle stars in the glass on my table—I gathered them this morning under the oaks in the plantation; and so, hands that have been dust for ages gathered them on some sweet spring morning in the past.

I am sitting in the little dark-panelled room where, one sunny morning, my grandmother sat with her child in her arms, when a courier arrived, panting, breathless: "The Queen is guillotined!" There was no more hope; my grandmother must fly. Clasp her babe to her heart, she arose; horses were saddled; a rapid flight to the coast; a tearful meeting with her husband, disguised as a fisherman; trembling haste; a crazy boat on a stormy sea; a landing on the shore of Scotland—poor, friendless, with aching hearts. Such was the story I had often heard from my grandmother's lips.

Left an orphan in my babyhood, she was all father, mother, all to me. Hour after hour I have sat at her feet, listening to tales of "beautiful France," of the gay court, the beautiful Queen, the old château where her happiest days were spent. "You were not born there, *petite*," she would say, softly. "Ah! that was wrong; but you may die there—I think you will. You will be thankful for that, Mignon?" And her eyes would wander over the bleak Scotch moor, seeing beyond them the blue sky and flowery fields of her sunny France. Does she know that her half-prophecy has been in part fulfilled? Does she know that at last my feet tread the grass-grown paths in the quaint old garden?—that for me the birds sing and the trees shake out their tender leaves? A new generation of leaves, but still the same her eyes saw and loved. There is little changed. A friend remembered us; the estates were saved, and I inherited them. Not much money; but the grey walls, the trees, the fields are mine. I look around; I say, "My own." Does she know all this? I believe she does. Her picture looks down upon me now, not as I remember her, with silvery hair shading her delicate high-born face, but young, with laughing eyes and ripe lips, just parted in a joyous smile.

In the long *salon* beyond are rows of haughty faces, blooming faces, stern, wicked, saintly faces. One after another they lifted the burden of life, bore it awhile, then laying it down crept away to the long, dreamless sleep, away under the stones in the little chapel. Now there is only one weak woman's hand to lift the banner of the name they bore so long and nobly. Stretch out your shadowy hands, that its folds trail not in the dust! Strengthen me, shades of the dead, that I bear it not unworthily!

The air is still with that stillness that speaks of life, not death. Somewhere in the distance Jean is drawing water. The creaking of the wheel becomes musical through faintness. In the farm-yard the busy hens are cackling, and one loud-voiced cock is crowing lustily. Lisette is clattering about her kitchen, singing a plaintive little song; the chorus reaches me—*"Marie! Marie! je vous aime toujours."* I am idly wondering who was Marie, and did the singer love her always?

Presently Lisette's heels click along the hall. "Mademoiselle's keys," she says, with a flash of her white teeth. Jean has found them among the periwinkle stars. I take them from her hand. One, smaller than the rest, has slipped off the ring. A little leather box, clasped with iron, stands before me on the window seat. A few days before her death my grandmother gave it into my keeping. "Take it, *mon enfant*, it contains the life secrets of many of your race.

There are stories, too, from other lips as they were told to me. You may like to read them. You will keep it for my sake." My life has been a busy one, and I have never opened it. Now, as I fit the key into the rusty lock and raise the lid, a cloud of dust salutes me, and a musty, mouldy smell. The papers are mildewed with age, the characters almost illegible. One is tied with a black ribbon; choosing this, I unroll the closely written sheets. One falls out; it is in my grandmother's clear, firm hand. Ah! how long ago was that written! The date is 17—

"A strange thing has occurred. I was ill—very ill—a year ago. Dear Henri begged the Moorish physician (so he is called) to see me. He came, tall and grave. I was frightened. He is always among the poor; he will receive nothing from any one. Henri offered him money; he refused. I gave him my hand; he touched it with his lips. No one knows whence he comes, or who he is. The poor bless his name. He never smiles. I was sure he had some great sorrow.

"One day a man came to me and handed me a letter:

"I am ill. Will you come?"
"I went with Henri. The room was hung with black. The physician was by a window, looking out upon the court; it was full of people—poor and many weeping. He stretched out his hands and smiled. 'I have sent for you, madame, to say "farewell," and to ask your husband to procure passports for my servant—he is to take me home."

"Not now," I cried, "you are ill."
"No, not now," he said, "to-morrow."
"I had flowers for him—roses, delicate fuchsias, and pure white lilies. He took them eagerly, inhaled their perfume, fondled them, and told me the legends of their birth.

"This is my flower," he said, lifting a lily from the rest. "It has returned to us." He held it close against his heart, saying, softly, "Is it an omen of good?" He sat musing a long time, gazing up at the blue sky.

"*Au revoir*," I said, as I bent over him. He looked up, brightly:

"No; adieu."
"At the door I turned again; he waved his hand, then raised the lily to his lips and smiled. In the morning his servant came and gave a packet; it contained the manuscript I enclose. On the outside was written:

"This is the story of my life. No one will know it but you. Adieu."

"The man was weeping. His master had died in the night."
I unrolled the yellow sheets. There was no heading to the story it contained. I looked at the end; there was no name. It commenced abruptly:

"I come of a doomed race. A curse hung over me from my birth. In consequence of a horrible crime committed by one of my ancestors, the good genius of our race deserted us, and a demon, fierce and cruel, shadowed us with his black wings.

"The first-born child of every generation was doomed, if a boy, to an early and violent death; if a girl, to a life of misery. Generation after generation the curse had fallen. By water, by fire, by the sword, the first-born son had perished; and a mother wept bitter tears when a girl was placed in her arms. There was a legend that the curse would cease when one was found bold enough to foil the demon; then, and then only, would the guardian of our race return.

"There is Moorish blood in our veins. In the third generation our remote ancestry shows itself. Men call me the 'Moorish physician.' True to my instincts, I have devoted myself to the study of Eastern lore. The volume of the heavens has long been open to my gaze. Earth's deepest mysteries have yielded to my touch. The voices of the deep breathe mighty secrets to my ear, and in the war of the elements, the flash of the lightning, the roar and thunder of the waves, when man shrinks back appalled, my spirit finds its wings.

"I was the second son. My brother was assassinated by an unseen hand.

"I returned to my home and plunged deeper and deeper into the abstruse studies I delighted in. Why could they not suffice! Alas! I loved. Ah, fatal power! When we will it our love must be returned. As I knelt before the altar I looked upon the fair creature who had yielded her pure heart to me, as the priest may look on the victim at whose throat he holds the knife. I was pressing the cup of anguish to those ruby lips; those sweet eyes would soon overflow with bitter tears. And yet, madman as I was, with eager haste I clasped the fair bosom closer to my heart, knowing that my fatal clasp must blight its bloom forever.

"For one short year, earth's fairest hues spread out before me; and then, in darkness and in tempest, our child was born. There were vague mutterings in the air as I took my infant daughter in my arms. Do you wonder that I could not answer back her mother's happy smile? My rose and its sweet bud grew day by day in loveliness. I suffered tortures. Oh, that she might be taken before her gentle heart should bleed for the sufferings of her child!

"Years passed. She began to fade—my beautiful flower. I watched her anxiously. The wind and the wave saw my sorrow; they reveal no secrets. Her sweet life ebbed so slowly—would it be too late? With a sigh of thankfulness I closed her beautiful eyes.

"I wandered from land to land, taking my child with me. I watched her every step. In agony I waited the time when the doom of our dark race should fall on her innocent heart. In Madrid a Spanish nobleman saw her. Her

beauty charmed him. Rumors of my wealth had reached his ears. Artfully, selfishly, he wove his chain round her. How I hated him! From the first I knew him. The woe was ever worked by a human hand; and as I watched the baleful light in his hard eyes—the close pressure of his thin, cruel lips—I gnashed my teeth in impotent fury. My darling! can you not see how that strong, fierce hand will crush all the sweetness out of your fresh, young life? And she loved him. He would turn to me with a smile of scornful triumph when her innocent eyes told him this. Madly jealous, if she displeased him, he would cast a cold, hard look upon her, whispering harsh, cutting words of anger, till she paled and trembled, lifting pleading eyes to his. And I was powerless!

"I took her home. The Spaniard followed us. Our German winter chilled him, but he persevered. The spring came. Step by step he was forcing me back. In vain I nightly lifted despairing eyes to the proud stars; they smiled down coldly on me, but no voice came.

"Again I read the mouldering parchment which recorded the dire curse, and the mysterious words of prophecy regarding its fulfilment. By fasting and watching I strove to read their meaning.

"The red hand shall do, while the white hand shall fall."

"The cypress-crowned cup shall confer immortality."

"Both of these images foreshadowed death."

"Then followed a legend:

"A flower bloomed in the cleft of a rock. The fierce waves saw it; they coveted its beauty, but the rock laughed down on them as they surged and foamed at its feet. The tempest awoke, the waves arose, they dashed their spray far up the face of the rock. Then the rock cried, 'O Azrael! take thou the flower, for I can shelter it no longer.' Then Azrael heard, and stretching out his strong right hand he plucked the flower and bore it to sunny plains, where long it bloomed in peace and beauty."

"In the watches of the night the meaning was made clear to me. I knelt and cried, 'O Azrael! I give my flower unto thy keeping. See that thou bear her tenderly to sunny plains where angel hands shall welcome her.' Then I called my child. She came and laid her sunny head upon my shoulder. I gave the cup of death into her hand; I watched her drink it. I spoke playful words to her; I told her it was the elixir of life, and she smiled as she took it from my hand. I drew her to the casement; she lay in my arms, and I spoke to her of the things she loved—of the flowers and stars, and of the heavenly plains where her mother wandered. She listened dreamily. I forced my lips to smile as she clasped her arms about my neck. Her breath fluttered a little, and her startled eyes sought mine. I turned away. Suddenly she said, 'My father, there is some one standing in the moonlight, holding out to me a fair, white lily.' Then I knew this guardian of our race had come for this, his child. I bowed my head.

"In the morning came the Spaniard. I bade him follow me. We stood beside her. He wrung his hands and wept. I had foiled the demon.

"Do you wonder that while others smile my lips are grave? Do you marvel that I keep vigil by the couch of pain and sorrow? I have no remorse. I did no wrong. Her pure, white soul went up to God without one stain of earth to mar its loveliness. But oh, my child, my child! Faint voices call to me—a hand has beckoned from the stars—my time is short! My angel ones, I come!"

I laid down the manuscript with a shudder. Could this be? I looked around me fearfully. There in her dress of green God's beautiful earth smiled up at the sky. The birds were singing overhead; in the kitchen Jean and Lisette were laughing; the bees hummed in and out of the window. Life—busy, beautiful life—was all around me. Turning the key on the ghostly story, I went out into the sunshine.

THE SMUGGLER MALGRE LUI.

There is, perhaps, no more singular anomaly in the history of the human mind than the very different light in which a fraud is viewed according to the circumstances under which it is practised. The singular revelations made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a late deputation will probably be fresh in the remembrance of most of our readers. Even the learned gentleman himself could hardly maintain his professional gravity when informed of the ingenious contrivances adopted for defrauding the revenue. Advertisements floating through the air attached to balloons; French gloves making their way into the kingdom in separate detachments of right and left hands; mutilated clocks traveling without their wheels—such were some of the divers modes by which the law was declared to be evaded and the custom-house officers baffled. We are by no means disposed either to think or speak with levity of this system of things. However much a man may succeed in reconciling any fraud to his own conscience, or however leniently it may be viewed by his fellowmen, it will yet assuredly help to degrade his moral nature, and its repetition will slowly, but surely, deaden the silent monitor within his breast. All we affirm is the well-known fact that laws are in most cases ineffective except in so far as they harmonize with the innate moral convictions of mankind; and that many a man who would not for worlds cheat his next-door neighbor of a penny, will own without a blush, and perhaps even with a

smile of triumph, that he has cheated the government of thousands! It is not often, however, that so daring and successful a stroke of this nature is effected as that which we find related of a celebrated Swiss jeweler, who actually succeeded in making the French director-general of the customs act the part of a smuggler!

Geneva, as must be well-known to all our readers, supplies half Europe with her watches and her jewelry. Three thousand workmen are kept in continual employment by her master goldsmiths; while seventy-five thousand ounces of gold and fifty thousand marks of silver annually change their form and multiply their value beneath their skillful hands. The most fashionable jeweler's shop in Geneva is unquestionably that of Beaute; his trinkets are those which beyond all others excite the longing of the Parisian ladies. A high duty is charged upon these in crossing the French frontier; but, in consideration of a brokerage of five per cent., M. Beaute undertakes to forward them safely to their destination through contraband channels; and the bargain between the buyer and seller is concluded with this condition as openly appended and avowed as if there were no such personages as custom-house officers in the world.

All this went on smoothly for some years with M. Beaute; but at length it so happened that M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, a gentleman of much ability and vigilance, was appointed director-general of the customs. He heard so much of the skill evinced by M. Beaute in eluding the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved personally to investigate the matter and prove for himself the truth of the reports. He consequently repaired to Geneva, presented himself at M. Beaute's shop, and purchased 30,000 francs worth of jewelry, on the express condition that they should be transmitted to him free of duty on his return to Paris. M. Beaute accepted the proposed condition with the air of a man who was perfectly accustomed to arrangements of this description. He, however, presented for signature to M. de Saint-Cricq a private deed, by which the purchaser pledged himself to pay the customary 5 per cent. smuggling dues, in addition to the 30,000 francs' purchase-money.

M. de Saint-Cricq smiled, and taking the pen from the jeweler's hand, affixed to the deed the following signature—"L. de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of the Customs in France." He then handed the document back to M. Beaute, who merely glanced at the signature, and replied, with a courteous bow, "*Monsieur le Directeur des Douanes*, I shall take care that the articles which you have done me the honor of purchasing shall be handed to you in Paris directly after your arrival." M. de Saint-Cricq, piqued by the man's cool daring and apparent defiance of his authority and professional skill, immediately ordered post-horses, and without the delay of a single hour set out with all speed on the road to Paris.

On reaching the frontier, the Director-General made himself known to the *employés* who came forward to examine his carriage—informed the chief officer of the incident which had just occurred, and begged of him to keep up the strictest surveillance along the whole of the frontier line, as he felt it to be a matter of the utmost importance to place some check upon the wholesale system of fraud which had for some years past been practised upon the revenue by the Geneva jewelers. He also promised a gratuity of fifty louis-d'or to whichever of the *employés* should be so fortunate as to seize the prohibited jewels—a promise which had the effect of keeping every officer on the line wide awake during the three succeeding days.

In the meanwhile M. de Saint-Cricq reached Paris, alighted at his own residence, and after having embraced his wife and children, and passed a few moments in their society, retired to his dressing-room, for the purpose of laying aside his traveling costume. The first thing which arrested his attention when he entered the apartment was a very elegant-looking casket, which stood upon the mantel-piece, and which he did not remember to have ever before seen. He approached to examine it; it was addressed in full to "M. le Comte de Saint-Cricq, Director-General of Customs." He accordingly opened it without hesitation, and his surprise and dismay may be conceived when, on examining the contents, he recognized at once the beautiful trinkets he had so recently purchased in Geneva!

The count rung for his valet and inquired from him whether he could throw any light upon this mysterious occurrence. The valet looked surprised, and replied, that on opening his master's portmanteau, the casket in question was one of the first articles which presented itself to his sight, and its elegant form and elaborate workmanship having led him to suppose that it contained articles of value, he had carefully laid it aside upon the mantel-piece. The count, who had full confidence in his valet, and felt assured that he was in no way concerned in the matter, derived but little satisfaction from this account, which only served to throw a fresh veil of mystery over the transaction; and it was only some time afterward, and after long investigation, that he succeeded in discovering the real facts of the case.

Beaute the jeweler had a secret understanding with one of the servants of the hotel at which the Comte de Saint-Cricq lodged in Geneva. This man, taking advantage of the hurried preparations for the count's departure, contrived to slip the casket unperceived into one of his portmanteaus, and the ingenious jeweler had thus succeeded in making the Director-General of Customs one of the most successful smugglers in the kingdom!

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

RAISING TROUT.—The California Acclimatizing Society have raised this year 49,000 young trout from ova obtained from the East, the fish now being from two to four inches in length; they have 40,000 native trout hatched in the spring which are now from one to inches long, besides 220,000 Tahoe about two inches in length.

NO SMALL DUTIES.—Duties seem great or small according to the spirit and way in which they are performed. A mean, ignoble mind tosses off with a sneer a deed which a magnanimous soul would perform so sweetly and so nobly as to charm whoever saw it done, and leave the recollection of it as a precious possession for ever. A cold, selfish nature gives a guinea in a spirit so petty, and a way so cruel, that its value shrinks to a farthing; while a generous one gives a farthing so that it is felt to be worth a guinea.

THE NUTTING SEASON.—The nutting season is now in its loveliest aspect, and statements come from various quarters that nuts of all kinds are uncommonly plentiful and good. Nutting has this advantage over berry picking, that it is "in" at a season when Nature is at her loveliest, with soft skies, lingering autumnal flowers, and rainbow tints upon woods and hedge-rows. Ramblers in October woods, too, need have no fear of sunstroke, cases of which very frequently occur in the berry-picking season of midsummer and early autumn.

A STRANGE DELUSION.—The recent death of a singular character at Batignolles, France, is recorded. His name was Joseph Volry, and he imagined that he had, in a prior state of existence, been a dog, and could not meet a dog in the street without talking to him. By degrees he persuaded himself that he was king of the canine race, and gave himself the title of Medor I. As he was very gentle and inoffensive, the police never interfered with him. He has left a fortune equal to 2,000 francs per annum to one of the principal veterinary surgeons of Paris.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Many people complain of their bad luck, when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Cobden thus wrote about luck and labor: "Luck is everything waiting for something to turn up. Labor with keen eye and strong will will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck rises on chances. Labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence. Labor strides upward to independence."

DAY DREAMING.—Do anything innocent rather than give yourself to reverie. Channing says: "I can speak on this point from experience. At one period of my life I was a dreamer and a castle-builder. Visions of the distant future took the place of present activity. I spent hours in reverie. I suppose I was seduced in part by physical debility. But the body suffered as well as the mind. I found, too, that the imagination threatened to influence the passions, and that if I meant to be virtuous I must dismiss my musing. The conflict was a hard one. I resolved, prayed, resisted, sought refuge in occupation, and at length triumphed. I beg you to avail yourself of my experience."

A SINGULAR STORY.—The cable between Kurrachee and Gwadar having suddenly failed, a steamer was despatched to the point where the fault was suspected to lie. On winding in the cable unusual resistance was experienced, and after some time the body of an immense whale, entangled in the cable, was brought to the surface. Sharks and other fish had partially eaten the body, which was rapidly decomposing, the jaws falling away on reaching the surface. The tail, which measured fully 12 feet across, was perfect, and covered with barnacles at the extremities. Apparently the whale at the time of entanglement was using the cable to free itself from these parasites, and the cable, hanging in a loop over a submarine precipice, he probably, with a flip of his tail, twisted it round him, and thus came to an untimely end.

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own fears, weaving the dim shadow, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its strength, and sorrow becomes our master. When trouble flows upon you, dark and heavy, toll not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm, with a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself in the indulgence of any passion which brings no good to his fellow-men.

A VENERABLE BLADE.—There is an ancient sword on exhibition at the office of the Providence Journal which was made in the year 1616, making it two hundred and fifty-seven years old. It was worn with honor by Captain Abijah Moore, who commanded a company in a Vermont regiment, under General Starke, in the Revolutionary war. Captain Moore inherited the sword from his grandfather, Elisha Moore,

who was killed by the Indians in 1754, with all his family except one son, who escaped, at the settlement where Burlington, Vt., now stands. The house was sacked and burned, and, with other property, the Indians carried away this sword, but the band was afterwards captured, the stolen sword recovered and returned to the son who escaped, and has since been in the family as an heirloom, and handed down from generation to generation. At present it belongs to Mrs. Charles B. Westland, of Providence, a direct descendant from the Captain Abijah Moore above named.

COBLENTZ.—Coblentz is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. A very pretty and not large city, but rich with traditions and histories that go away back into the past full of mystery and poetry. The city owes most of its modern importance to its situation at the mouth of the Moselle—down whose waters the rich and varied products of the great country beyond are freighted—and to its value as a military strategic point. Opposite Coblentz, and connected with the city by a long bridge of boats, is the little village of Ehrenbreitstein, nestling prettily and peacefully under the fortress-crowned heights. For high up on the miniature mountain, bright in the flashing sunlight, is the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, probably not surpassed by any similar military work in the world. The walls of this magnificent fortification, pierced for innumerable guns, are not frowning and dark, but rather handsome and regular, and as beautiful as engineering skill, employed for such warlike purposes, could make them. In peace they are indeed peaceful looking; but in war they would be terrible.

HIS THINKING (NIGHT) CAP.—The season approaches, says the Danbury News, when the boy of the period turns his mind to meditation. As the hour of eight p.m. strikes, he softly withdraws from the table where he has been engaged in digging the putty from a nail head, and unostentatiously deposits himself back of the stove to think. We are particular to emphasize this word, because there is an impression on the part of his parents and his elder sister, who has the honor of escorting him to bed nights, that he is going to sleep. They go so far as to openly express this belief, but he stoutly denies it, and immediately proceeds to demonstrate the gross injustice of the insinuation by humming some familiar piece. Pretty soon the humming ceases; there is a significant movement at the table, and then it is resumed again, and continues for five minutes, when it gradually dies out, and all is silent back of the stove. When the boy comes to again, he is being lifted to his feet by his wristband, and cuffed on the head to indicate that it is after ten o'clock. He makes a desperate attempt to find where he left off on the tune, but ignominiously fails, and five minutes later is stumbling up stairs, with an interested and active sister in his rear, and firmly but faintly maintaining that he was not asleep, but only thinking.

LOVE MATCHES.—Undoubtedly, no one ought to marry for money; but to marry simply from love, without being able to give a sensible, judicious reason for that love—without being able, after a careful analysis, to discover a legitimate foundation for it, would be quite as irrational and disastrous as to marry from mere mercenary or social considerations—perhaps, even more so. In matters of such deep moment, there should be a wise interblending of feeling and judgment. Reason, cautious and sure-footed, is too apt to fall in the rear, while passion, reckless and nimble, takes the lead as guide. A premium on the passion is sure to involve a discount on the rational. Love for a man—ardent, soulful love—is certainly one of the most potential of reasons for marrying him. But there may be equally valid reasons why marriage should never take place. A man addicted to habits of public or private dissipation, a man whose temperament clashes with one's own, a man who is churlish, undemonstrative, and naturally selfish, a man possessing a naturally despotic nature, with a native tendency to look down upon a woman as a subordinate order of being, at best, a man who shows no chivalric bearing, no delicate courtesy towards women, a man who manifests little or no affection for his mother or sister—a man possessing these characteristics, or any one of them, can never make a woman serenely happy.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HEAT OF THE MOON.—The Earl of Rosse is the latest observer who has directed his efforts to detect the heat of the moon. By means of most delicate instruments he has demonstrated the presence of heat from the moon, but has not succeeded in ascertaining its amount with any degree of precision. The maximum of the lunar heat appears to be a little before full moon; the unequal distribution of its mountains and plains, perhaps, goes to explain this phenomenon.

PRESERVATION OF NUTS.—Now that the nut season is coming on, we call the attention of our readers to a manner in which those palatable and nutritious productions of nature can be preserved throughout the winter. Chestnuts, hickory nuts, and walnuts may be preserved during the whole winter in nearly the same state they come from the trees, by covering them with earth, having mingled with them a quantity of the earth moderately dry, and sufficient to occupy the space between them.

HYGIENIC USE OF TEA.—The use of tea is recommended in the following cases: after a full meal, when the system is oppressed; for the corpulent and the old; for hot climates, and especially for those who, living there, eat freely, or drink milk or alcohol; in cases of suspended animation; for soldiers who, in time of peace, take too much food in relation to the waste proceeding in the body; for soldiers and others marching in hot climates, for then by promoting evaporation and cooling the body, it prevents in a degree the effects of too much food, as of too great heat.

FISH AS A DIET.—A fish diet is a great humanizer of the tempers of mankind. Its consumption tends wonderfully to render them more kindly to one another, and consequently tames the passionate disposition to crime. As carnivorous animals are always the most fierce and violent, so become human beings who have carnivorous stomachs. Could such stomachs have an occasional respite by the consumption of fish, the world would be all the better for it. I speak as a medical man and firmly assert that many maladies would be mitigated, and perhaps annihilated by such a process.

THE BRITISH HORSEMAN.—France, though etymologically the birthplace of the chevalier or cavalier—who takes his title from the animal he mounts—can in these days display but a burlesque of horsemanship; and though one or two continental nobles air their jockeyship with passable credit annually at Baden-Baden and such réunions of continental racing, the whole force of foreign gentlemen who have the smallest pretensions to horsemanship would not compare with the first flight of the slowest pack of foxhounds in Great Britain. Even in the East, the birthplace of the horse, the natives, though in Arabia and Tartary fairly *au fait* at rough riding, and all more or less at home in the saddle, have no chance either on the flat, and still less cross country, with the *élite* of English horsemen.

HOW TO USE A SPADE.—The man who can handle a spade properly does not find it very hard or laborious work. He first lets the spade fall of its own weight, says *Forney's Press*, down to the spot where the spadeful is to be taken up, taking care that the breadth on the surface ground is not more than four inches; then he draws back the spade a little, which takes off much of the friction of the descending blade. One good thrust of the spade with the foot then sends the blade down its full depth. A backward pressure makes a lever of the handle and heel of the spade, and a dexterous turn of the wrist sends the spadeful upside down just where it is wanted. There is no raking or "sputtering" needed to make the ground level. A slight tap with the corner of the spade makes the work as regular and plane as if laid off with an instrument.

EXCESSIVE USE OF WATER.—In the manufacture of all kinds, water (very often iced) is placed within easy reach of every person, male or female, and the effect of this constant invitation is seen in the drinking of what physicians must regard as unreasonable amounts. The food is thereby diluted, the stomach is oftentimes chilled below the temperature of the blood, and by repeated drafts may be kept in this condition. The process of digestion is in this way interfered with. A certain amount (70 to 100 ounces) of water is required daily for the nutrition of an average adult; but of this total requirement 20 to 30 ounces are contained in the so-called solid food, leaving about sixty ounces to be supplied in some form of liquid, as tea, coffee or water. If this amount is greatly exceeded, it forces additional and needless work on the organs of excretion.

TYPHOID FEVER.—Typhoid fever, when once established in a family generally takes nearly all the members, hence many believe it to be contagious. It is not contagious, however, but like cholera and other kindred diseases, is infectious. The sweepings from an old sewer, leakage from privy vaults, water from wood-lined springs, stench arising from decaying vegetables are all favorable conditions to the acquiring and spread of this disease. An instance is on record where a whole neighborhood passed through a siege of this disease, engendered by using milk from cows that habitually drank from water standing over decaying timber. The preventive is to keep the premises clean, drink pure water, and when unpleasant smells arise, trace them out, remove the cause, and apply disinfectants. The person should be washed thoroughly at least once a week.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

MARK TWAIN is travelling through Scotland with Mrs. Clemens. He ought to know better.

It is an error to imagine that woman talk more than men. They listen to more, that's all.

SAN FRANCISCO has a pair of infant gymnasts aged five, and there is nobody there to prevent it.

"THEY put him in a show case," was the remark of a rural lady who recently attended a city funeral.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is performing on the stage in Worcester. He is no relation of George Francis Train.

MME. NILSSON visited a church choir room in New York on Sunday, just to see how they run church operas there.

THE Dutch have appropriated twenty-six mil-

lions more to carry on the Pepper war. The Dutch are getting spicy.

MORE bread, landlord. I always eat a good deal of bread with my meat. "So I see, sir, and a good deal of meat with your bread."

A MAN that marries a widow is bound to give up chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up his weed for her.

WHAT is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, and the other his profits from the law.

WILMINGTON people don't say liar right out, but remark, "Sir, you remind me of my lamented brother, who could pervert truth with the greatest ease."

A **DETROIT** loafer mortgaged his wife's sewing machine to pay for his grog. There will be a sewing machine accident in Detroit one of these fine days.

A YOUNG lady gave this order to her milliner for a bonnet: "You are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

MCCOOLE is asked to subside into the nethermost strata of eternal obscurity. The man who asked him to do it didn't sign his name, and couldn't be induced to, probably.

A **NEW ORLEANS** jurymen was asked by the Judge if he ever read the papers. He replied: "Yes, your honor; but if you'll let me go this time, I'll never do so any more."

A LITTLE American lad who had just commenced reading the newspapers asked his father if the word "Hon," prefixed to the name of a member of Congress, meant "honest."

It is said some of the lager beer glasses in Duluth are made with magnifying properties, so that, when a drinker gets one to his mouth, he is deluded with the idea that he has a big drink.

MR. GREEN, when you said there was too much American eagle in the speaker's discourse did you mean that it was a talented production; and to what claws of the speech did you especially refer?

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I will state for the information of those who haven't had a chance to lay in sekret wisdom as freely as I have that one single hornet, who feels well, can break up a whole camp-meeting."

"I SAY, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?" "You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the Gazette of Fashion, and I dress according to my ledger."

A MAN in Walcottville, Conn., undertook to milk his cow, one recent cold morning, with a pair of woolen mittens on. The startled animal gave him some new revelations in a "cow" sties by laying her dexter hind hoof alongside his ear.

THE first time the Abyssinians saw the engines in a steam vessel they were struck with amazement, and said that the English must be a very clever people, for they had captured the devil, and put him into an iron box, and made him work.

DARWIN says that infants do not know how to weep until they are several days old. We do not know whether he can prove the statement or not; but there are a good many happy fathers who will give him all they possess in the world if he will prove that infants do not know how to howl.

SIR MOSES MONTFIORE, the great London leader of the Jews was negotiating a loan on the Bourse, when a small lot of capitalists approached him. "Oh, dear," says one, "he is going to swallow us all." "No, my dear sir," said Sir Moses, with a caustic smile, "my religion forbids that."

THERE is a dealer in Bangor, Maine, not remarkable for his piety, who keeps the money he takes at his shop in a Bible. On being asked why he chose such a place of deposit, he replied that thieves would never think of looking there for money and the people who read the Bible from choice would not steal.

A YOUNG Parisian lately thought to frighten a lady into accepting him. He invited her to take a sail on the lake of Geneva with him, and when some distance from shore he threatened to jump overboard if she refused his suit. But she didn't get frightened, and offered to bet him one hundred francs that he daren't dive in—and he didn't.

A SERVANT of an old maiden lady, patient of Dr.—, of England, had been under order to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her mistress's health, how she slept, etc., with strict injunctions to add, "With her compliments." At length he girl brought the following message: "Miss S.—'s compliments, and she de'd last night at aicht o'clock."

AN aged Highland divine having occasionally to avail himself of the assistance of probationers, a young man, very vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, officiated, and on descending from the pulpit was met by the old gentleman with extended hands. Expecting high praise, he said: "No compliments, I pray." "Na, na, na, my young friend," said the minister: "now-a-days I'm glad o' onybody!"

RECENTLY, a young woman, evidently "from the country," was seen standing with a very perplexed air at one of the street letter-boxes. She was observed to knock several times at the top of the iron box, and, obtaining no response, she passed around to the opposite side, and, raising the slit in which the letters are placed, applied her mouth to the aperture, and called out (or in), "Can ye let me have a postage stamp, if ye please?"

OUR PUZZLER.

147. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. In Italy this may be described,
It is very strongly fortified.
2. This is in Madagascar seen,
And goes about at night, I ween.
3. A town I am, placed on the Dee,
Little trouble you'll have in finding me.
4. A leafless plant, with a stem that's round;
In marshes I frequently abound.
5. In the east of Germany look for me;
Hence Russians and Prussians had to flee.
6. I once was covered with trees, 'tis said,
But now flocks of sheep on me are fed.

If you read the initials and finals down,
They'll name two monarchs of great renown.

148. CHARADE.

My first may bring delight or woe,
May cause the tear of grief to flow,
May tell of death, may tell of life,
Or works of peace, or deeds of strife.

My second oft its weight in gold
Is worth full ten times over told.
Oh, if false lovers would refrain
From using it, how great their gain!

My whole, the wonder of the age,
Is valued e'er by fool or sage;
It stereotypes things as they pass,
And shows the world "as in a glass."

149. ANAGRAMS—WELL-KNOWN WRITERS.

1. I will show Mr. Aaron his train; 2. Dear Minie can't pay; 3. Rise, Jane, I am blind; 4. Children's cakes; 5. Bad Dr. Simson; 6. Peace Reign; 7. Poor Nelly Hatton; 8. Modern Coalman; 9. Mr. O. shows truth; 10. Mr. C. swore; 11. O, will Betsy return; 12. Ellen's rich cask.

150. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The primals and the finals, down,
Will show, as plain as day,
What you, I'm sure, will own to be
Two savage beasts of prey.

1. 'Tis seldom used, except at night.
2. A lady's name next comes in sight.
3. It certainly is very clear.
4. To separate will here appear.
5. Wagglish, mirthful, lively, gay.
6. What no one ever likes to pay.
7. If you a sister have, I know
She must be what this one will show.

151. WELL-KNOWN BOOKS.

1. In, neat road is not scarce; 2. La, maid sung; 3. Out at a fable; 4. Eh, I get a fearful pest, let go; 5. Thrust held poison-chest; 6. Fee Caesar, I can fish below; 7. Long glen, try inn, waken host; 8. Sir, I find clue too soon; 9. O in, shy Fin, to strive on.

152. DECAPITATION.

A little animal behead;
'Twill place before your eyes
Another one; but it, I'm sure,
Is twenty times the size.

153. LOGOGRAPH.

Entire, I'm to feel uneasy, curtailed, I'm a portion of time; again curtailed, I'm an answer; transposed, I'm for ever; beheaded, I'm a pronoun; and again beheaded, I'm a vowel; restored and beheaded, I'm to obtain; transposed, I'm parsimonious; beheaded, I'm a useful organ; transposed, I'm a verb; beheaded, I'm the name of a note; and again beheaded, I'm a vowel; restored, and a letter erased, I'm a thread; curtailed and reversed, I'm a fish; and beheaded and curtailed, I'm a vowel; restored, twice beheaded, and transposed, I'm a verb; beheaded, I'm an article; and curtailed, I'm an article.

154. REVERSALS.

1. A weight, reversed, becomes a word of negation; 2. A wooden vessel, a conjunction; 3. A number, a trap for catching fish; 4. A native of Africa becomes space; 5. The end of a beak, a box to hold grain; and the stakes played for in a game of cards, the part of a block of cast iron melted off for the forge.

155. LOGOGRAPH.

In noise and in sound
My head's to be found,
And my last may be seen in a door.
These both joined right
Will bring into sight
An insect you've heard of before.

156. ARITHMOREM.

A sage and 5, tenor and 1; snore and 550 y; a fan and 1,000; pun and g 1; as keen and 501; near and 550 r; gore and 55; nor ye and 500; a son and 1,001; see ban and 55; hear and 600. Read the initials of the above (which are all names of men of note) down, and you will find the name of an English historian.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Nov. 1st, 1873.

* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

* * We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. GRAHAM.—Your solutions to Nos. 11 and 12, are correct. We purpose shortly giving a few samples of the self-mate, and shall be happy to receive the problem you speak of. Your recommendation shall have consideration.

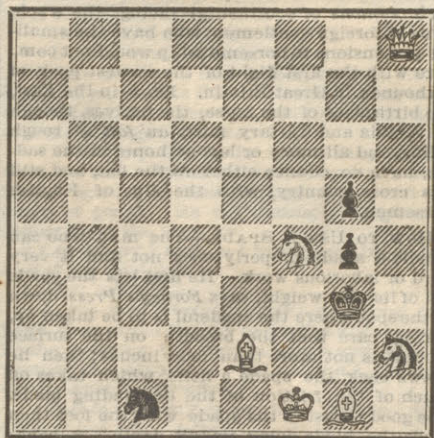
A CORRECTION.

In Game No. 6, read:
"Black. White."
MR. SZEN. MR. HAMPE.
With this correction made the notes will be understood; without, they appear ridiculous.

PROBLEM No. 15.

By JOS. N. BARSON.

BLACK.



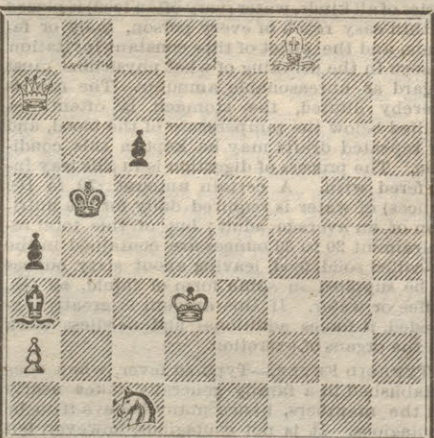
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 16.

By R. B. WORMALD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 13.

White. Black.

1. Q. to K. 4th
2. Mates acc.
1. Moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 14.

White. Black.

1. R. to Q. R. 3rd
2. B. to Q. B. 7th
3. Mates.
1. K. anywhere
2. do

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

This week, my readers, we will take up a new opening, commonly called "Petroff's Defence," an opening brought prominently to the front by the celebrated Russian master whose name it bears, many years ago, and since then thoroughly analyzed by Jaenisch and other later writers. We shall examine first a fine game played between Dr. Schloemann and Herr Minewitz:

GAME NO. 9.

Petroff's Defence.

White. Black.

DR. SCHLOEMANN. HERR MINEWITZ.

1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd
1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

The defence instead of defending his own K. P. counter-attacks his opponent's. This move consti-

tutes the Petroff Defence, (so-called), though as you may see, it has not by any means the character of a defensive move, but rather that of a counter-attack.

3. Kt. takes K. P.

This is the most usual way of continuing the attack, though other moves have their advocates and will be examined hereafter.

3. P. to Q. 3rd

Jaenisch recommends this method of driving back the Kt. If 3. Kt. takes P; 4. Q. to K. 2; (should he retreat the Kt. the attack wins his Q. by 5. Kt. to Q. B. 6 dis. ch.) 5. Q. takes Kt. P. to Q. 3. &c.

4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

4. Kt. takes K. P.

The defence retaliates, and wins back his Pawn.

5. P. to Q. 4th

Jaenisch considers this the best continuation. If 5. P. to Q. 3. Kt. back to K. B. 3. If 5. Kt. to Q. B. 3. Kt. takes Kt. or back to K. B. 3. 5. Q. to K. 2 is generally looked upon as a "sluggish" move.

5. P. to Q. 4th

Thus freeing his K. B. Neither player can now play B. to Q. B. 4th. Black sometimes, however, plays B. to K. 2nd on his 5th move.

6. B. to Q. 3rd

6. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

B. to K. 2nd was formerly played here, but this move, we believe, is now strongly recommended, as giving the defence a free, open and safe game. If he play 6. B. to K. 2 or B. to Q. 3, 7. Castles.

7. Castles

7. B. to K. Kt. 5th

Threatening Queen's Pawn.

8. R. to K. 1st

Attacking the Kt. with K. B. (not with Rook).

8. P. to K. B. 4th.

9. P. to Q. B. 3rd

9. B. to Q. 3rd.

10. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd

White seems rather hasty in his desire for attack. He would probably have done better by driving away some of the Black pieces which are threatening him at every step. 10. P. to K. R. 3rd would remove the B. which has so long bothered him.

11. P. takes B.

11. Q. to K. R. 5th

Black plays with great skill; the sacrifice of the Kt. is perfectly sound. White appears to have nothing better to do than—

12. P. takes Kt.

12. Q. takes R. P. ch

13. K. to B. 1st

13. Q. to R. 6th, ch

14. K. to K. 2nd

14. B. P. takes P.

15. B. to Q. Kt. 5th

Perhaps as good as any other move at hand.

16. K. to Q. 2nd

15. Q. to B. 6th, ch

17. K. to B. 2nd

16. Castles Q. side

18. R. to K. 3rd

17. P. to Q. R. 3rd

19. R. to K. 2nd

18. Q. takes P. ch

20. B. takes R. P.

19. Q. to B. 4th

He appears to have no available good move.

21. B. to K. 3rd

20. P. takes B.

22. K. to Q. 2nd

21. B. to B. 5th

22. P. to Kt. 4th

And White gives up the game.

GAME NO. 10.

The following game illustrating Mr. Cochrane's attack in Petroff's Defence was played between Messrs. Mackenzie and Munoz, of New York, and Messrs. Brenzinger and Gilberg, of the same city.

Petroff's Defence.

Black.

White.

MESSRS. M. & M.

MESSRS. B. & G.

1. P. to K. 4th

1. P. to K. 4th

2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

3. Kt. takes P.

3. P. to Q. 3rd

4. Kt. takes K. B. B.

This is Mr. Cochrane's favorite move at this point, and attacks the Q. and R. It invariably leads to a interesting game, but my readers will do well to be very careful when they adopt it, as it is a very difficult matter with good play against you to gain a position equivalent to the loss of the piece.

4. K. takes Kt.

White must take the Kt. or lose the exchange.

5. B. to Q. B. 4th, ch

5. K. to K. 1st

If 5. B. to K. 3rd, 6. B. takes B. ch, K. takes B, and the white K. is fearfully exposed. If 5. P. to Q. 4, 6. P. takes P. and Black has secured three Pawns for his Kt.

6. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

This is probably stronger than castling at this point.

7. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd

6. P. to Q. B. 3rd

8. Castles

7. Q. to K. 2nd

9. P. to Q. 4th

8. B. to K. 3rd

9. B. takes B.

This does not seem an advisable exchange as it liberates the Q. R.

10. R. P. takes B.

10. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd

11. P. to K. B. 4th

11. P. to K. Kt. 3rd.

12. P. to K. 5th

12. P. takes P.

13. B. P. takes P.

13. Kt. to K. R. 4th

14. Kt. to K. 4th

14. Q. to K. Kt. 2nd

15. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th

15. B. to K. 2nd

16. Kt. to K. 6th

Black's manoeuvres with the Kt. are extremely interesting and serve to illustrate the effectiveness of this piece when properly handled.

17. Kt. to Q. B. 7th, ch

16. Q. to Kt. 1st

18. Kt. takes R.

17. K. to Q. 1st

19. Q. to K. 1st

18. P. to Q. R. 3rd

20. P. to K. 6th

19. K. to B. 1st.

21. Q. to K. 5th

20. Kt. to K. B. 1st

22. B. to K. B. 7th

21. B. to Q. 1st

22. Kt. takes P.

And Black mates in five moves.

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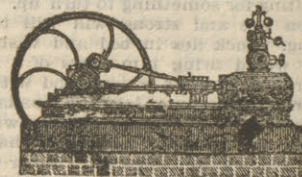
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